

BALANCE



Far & away PLaces / The Backyard
Some Somebodies / No Nobodies
Roundwall / Flatwall
The Good / The Bad

will trade for money
or something more
valuable



Intro Spiel

Rolling away. Finding the courage to commit. The moment after I've done my last check slide and just point it down a big scary hill. I feel myself going faster, faster, shirt flapping, eyes watering, am I gonna make it? Piling into a van with a bunch of friends after shralping and shouting and laughing and just collectively slaying some spot. Road trips and frontside grinds. Hearing my wife say, "I found an empty pool." Reaching in my mailbox to find a zine-sized envelope covered with drawings and scribbles and some far away zip code. This is this. When life has knocked you down, knocked you out, these are the things that keep the fire burning. Ting-a-ling. There's your balance.



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BALANCE

5th issue in print

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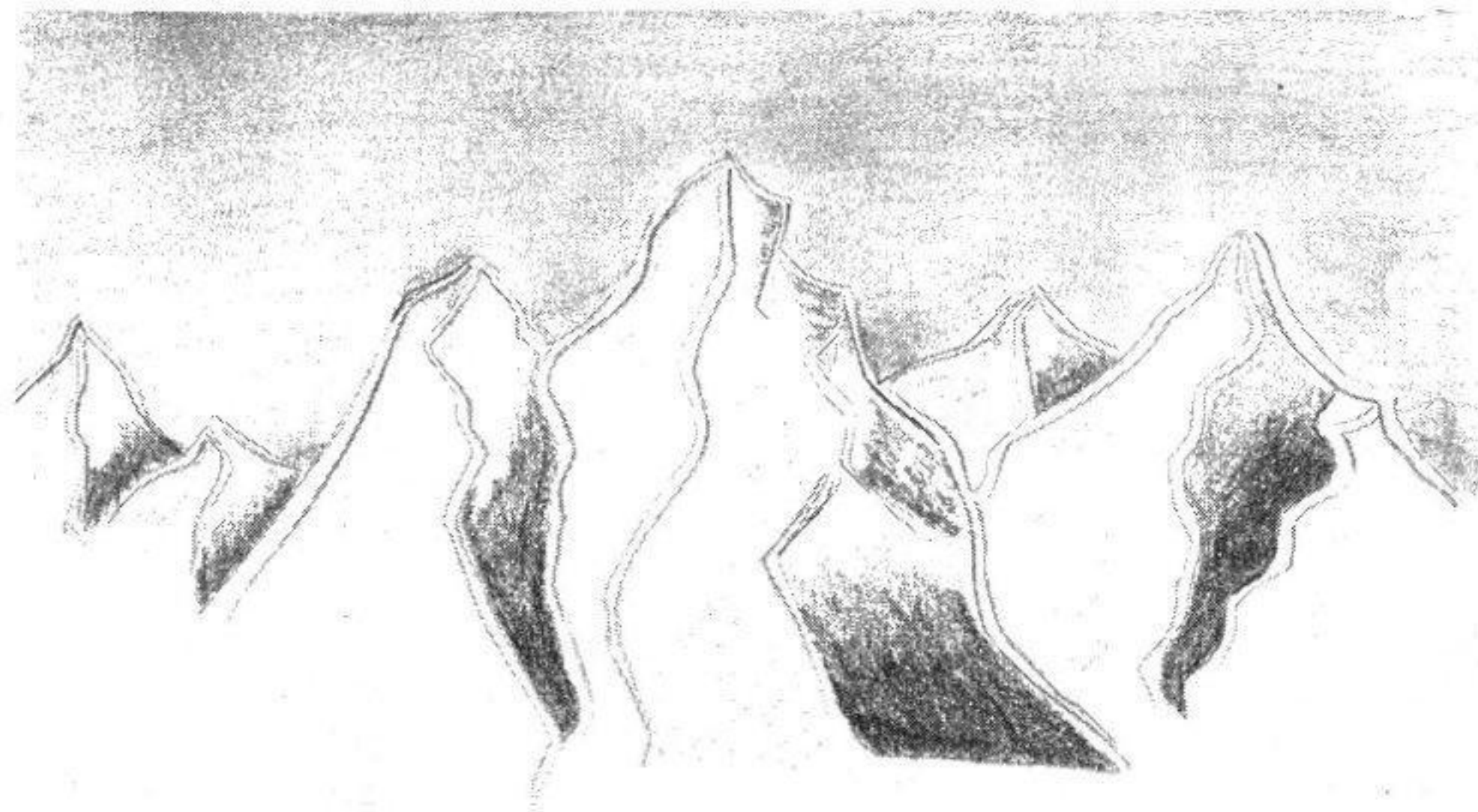
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on this page:

Greeting card angel by Shane Thomas. Corn ball Peleckiside balancing act photo © Mat Yula

on the cover:

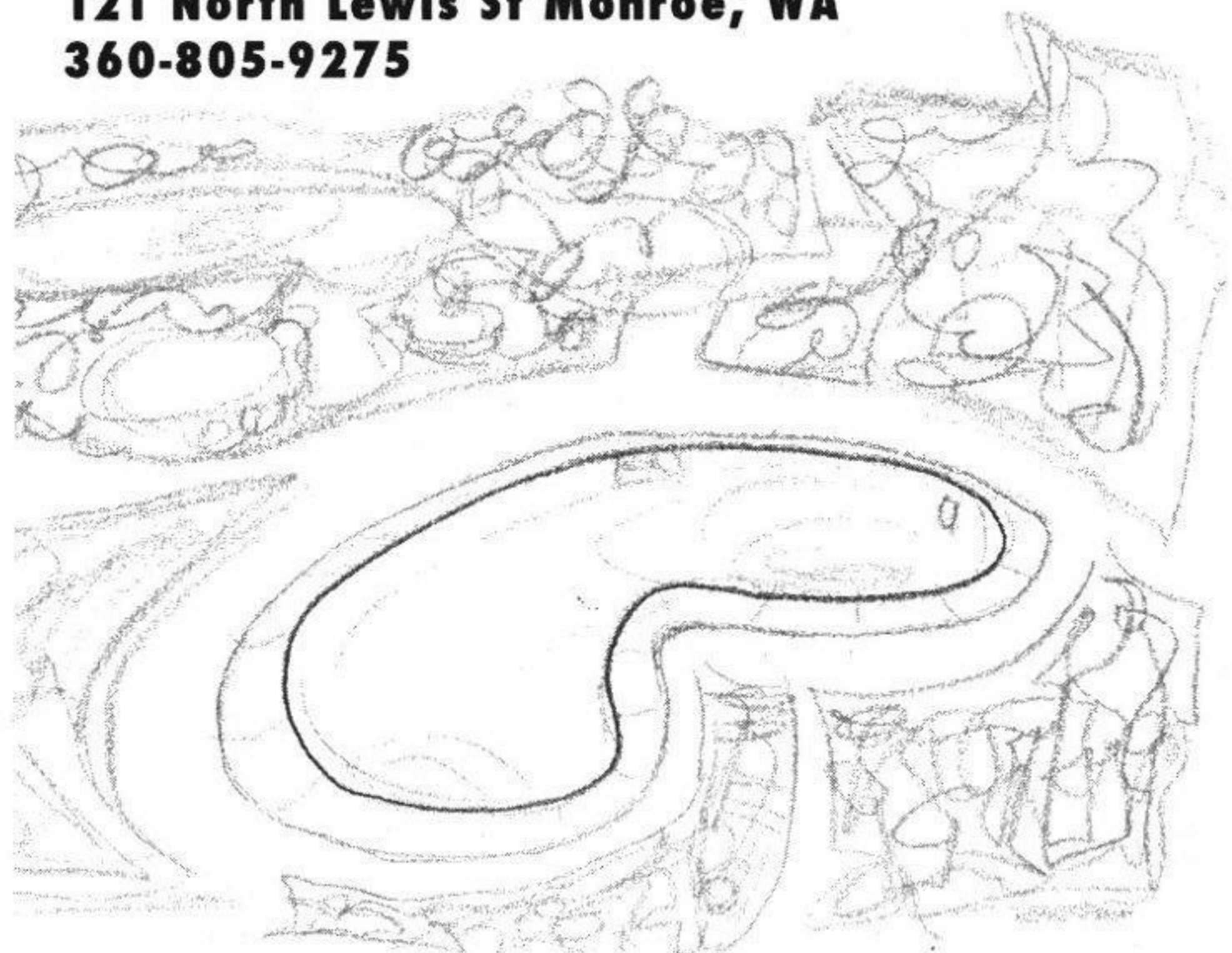
Regal Regency backside air by Count Charnula (Rick Charnoski) photo © Rhino

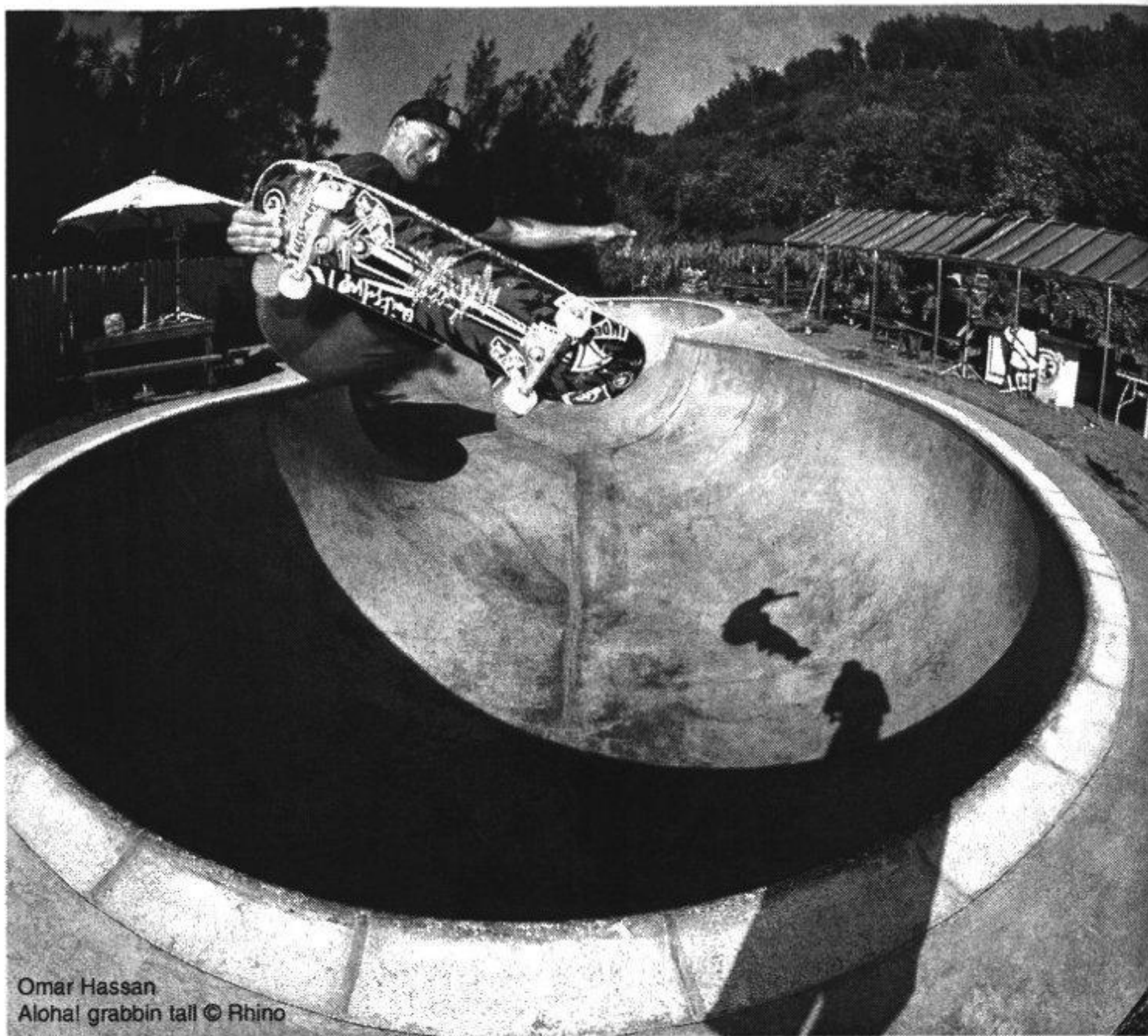


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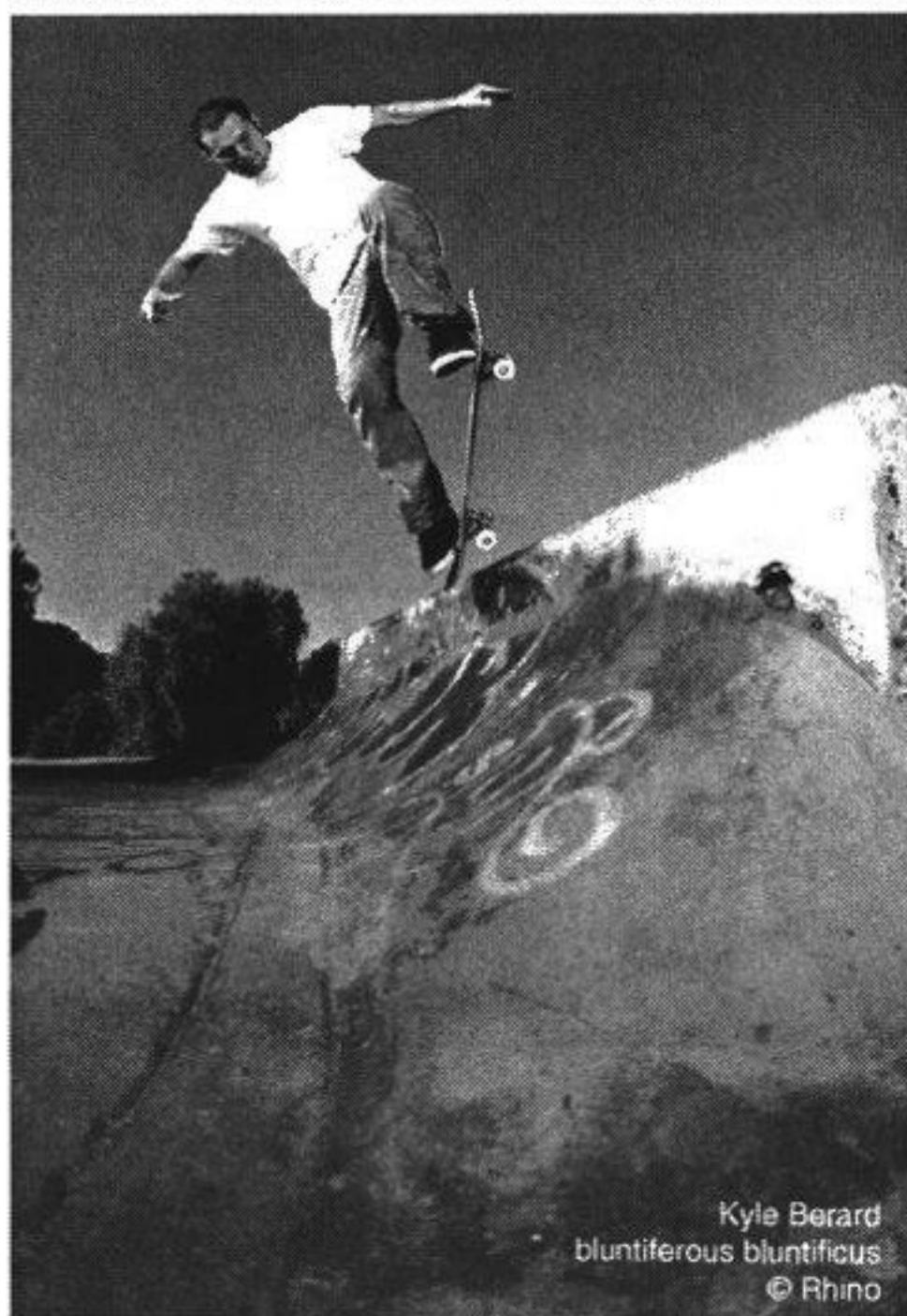
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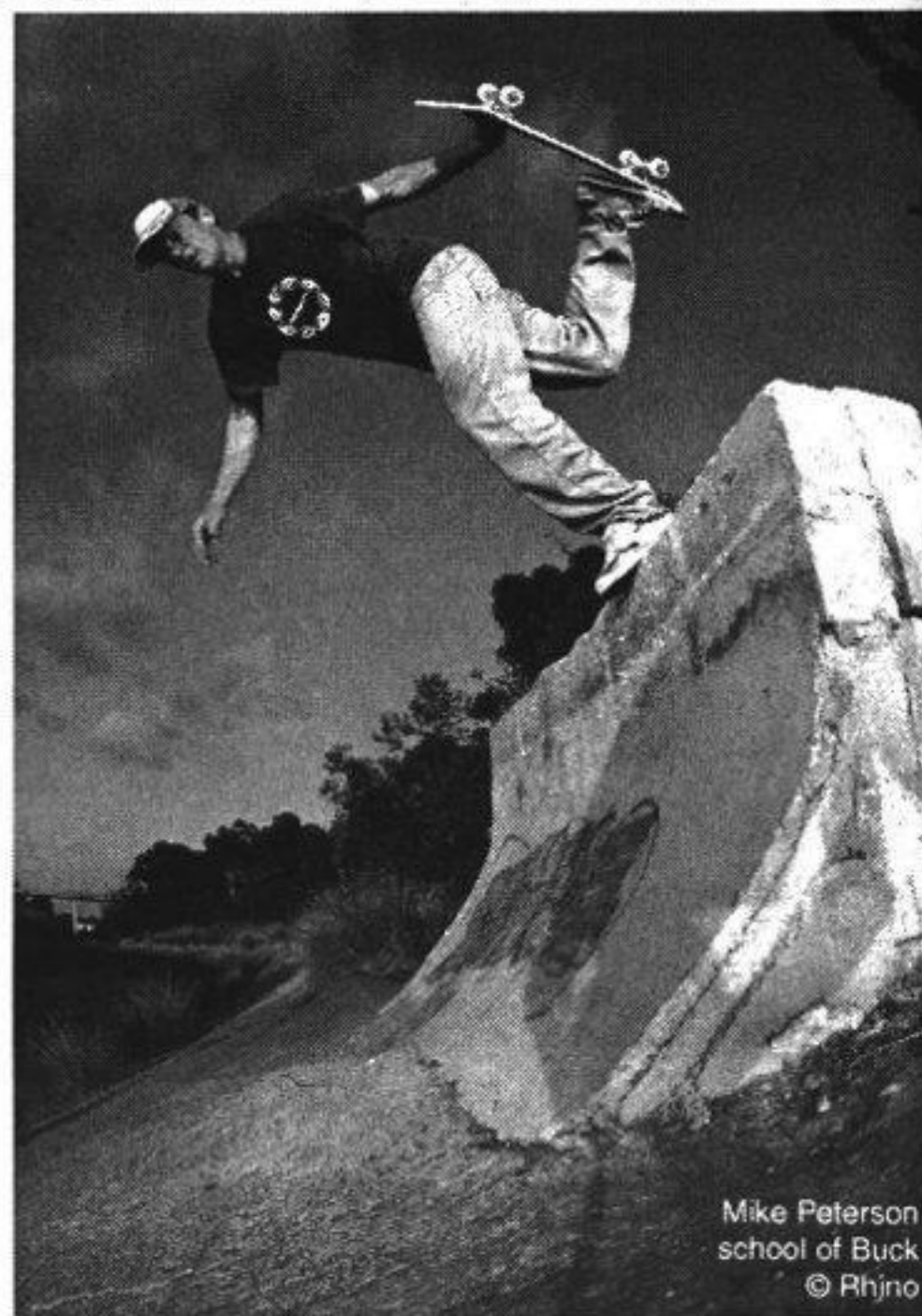




Omar Hassan
Aloha! grabbin' tall © Rhino



Kyle Berard
bluntiferous blunifucus
© Rhino



Mike Peterson
school of Buck
© Rhino

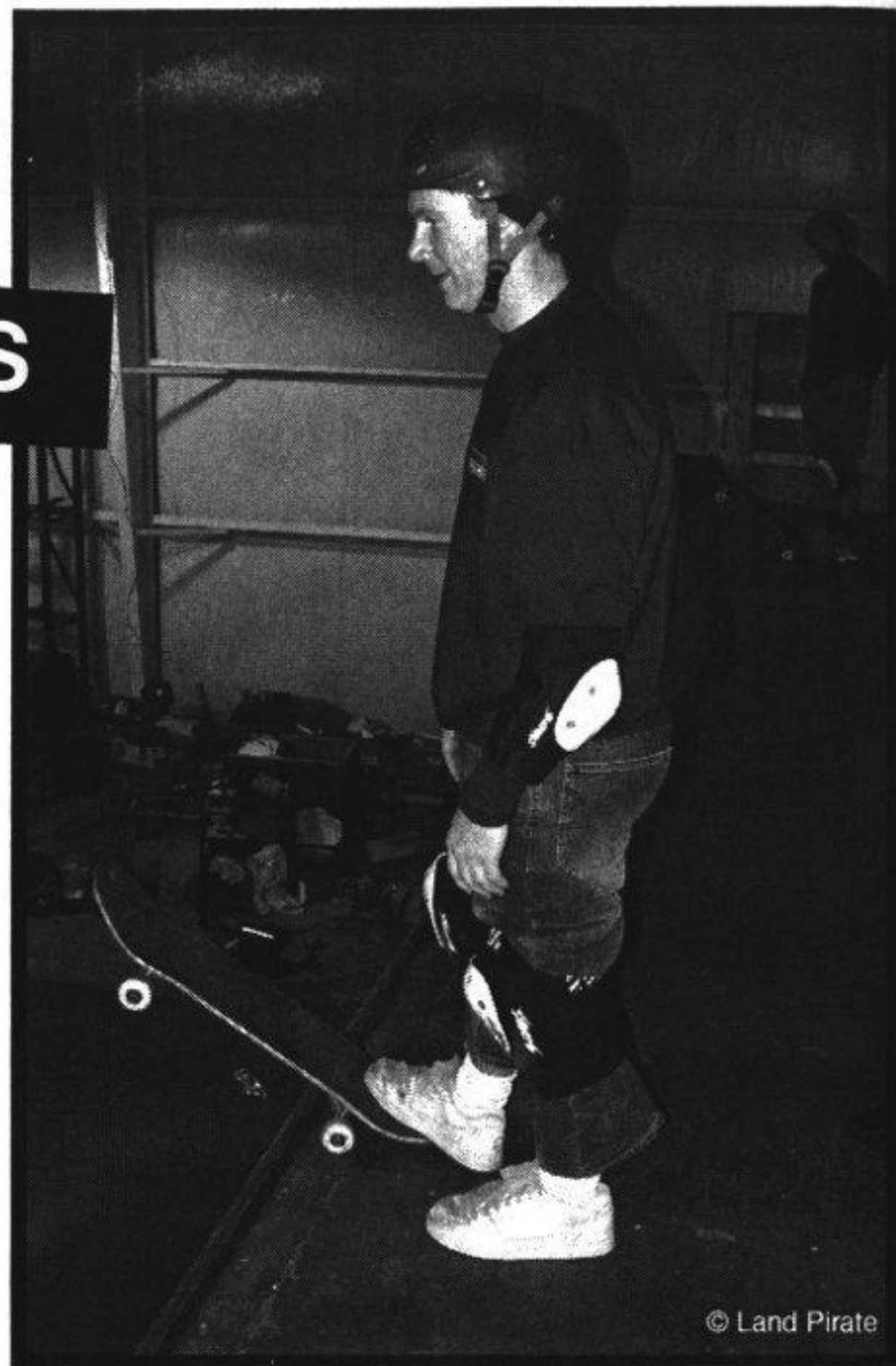
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VERT

LIVES

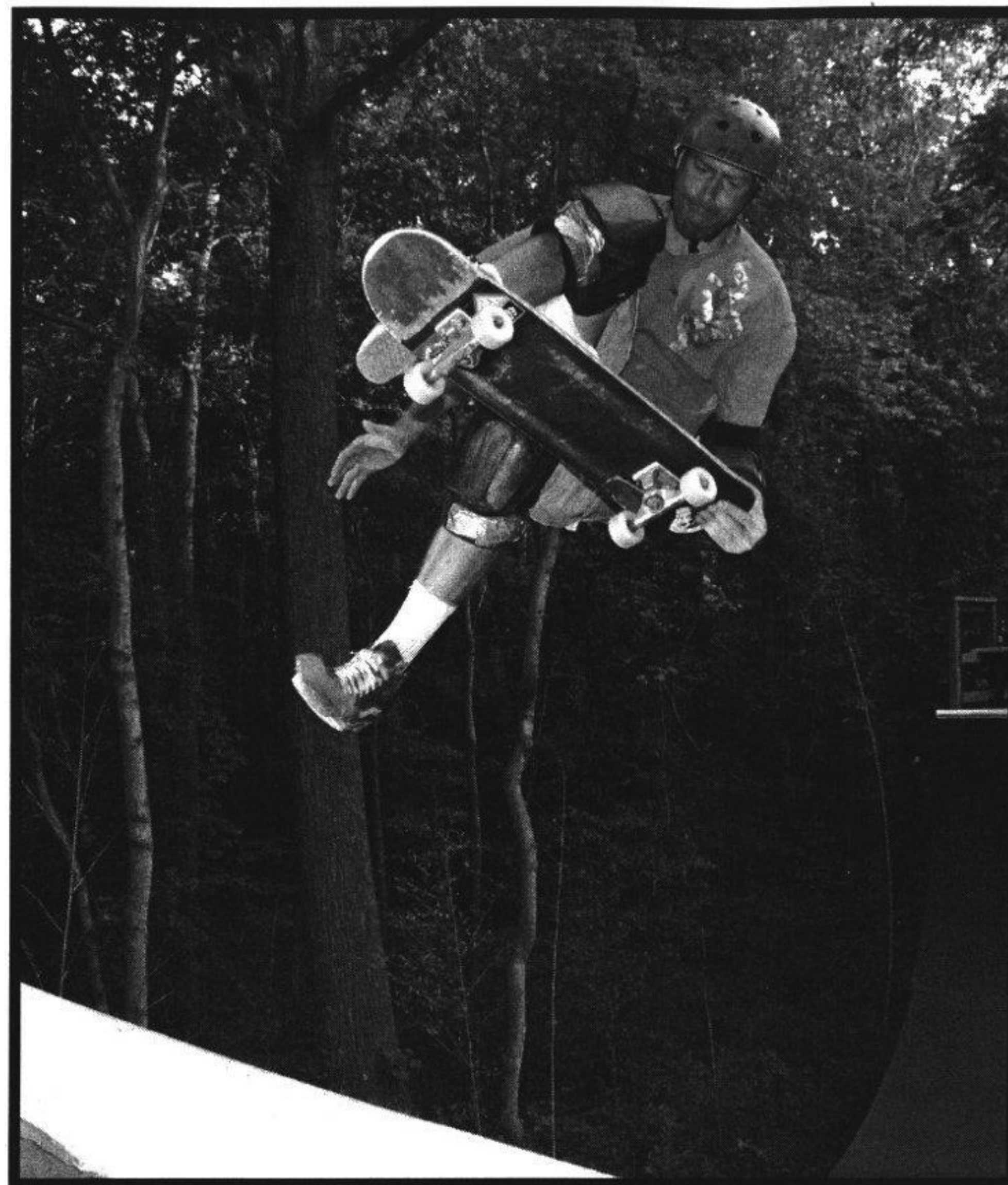
Thanks to this man, Brian Finn, pictured to your right, we skate vert every Thursday in his warehouse up in Buck's County. We crank up the Mercyful Fate, Metallica, or Slayer, and get busy. We laugh a lot, bail more than we'd like to, and demand something from ourselves. Unfortunately, Andrew or anyone with a decent camera rarely show so you have to take my word for it. Finn's rendition of a Sean Penn is way better than this portrait. The antics and radical makes by Dan Tag are priceless. George Draguns lets his fairy wings fly and touches the sky. Darren Menditto makes everything look effortless and prescribes CatScans when needed. Bud Baum and Confessor are either completely on or completely off. And Grant's consistency and enthusiasm are unbridled. Viva the vert scene.



© Land Pirate

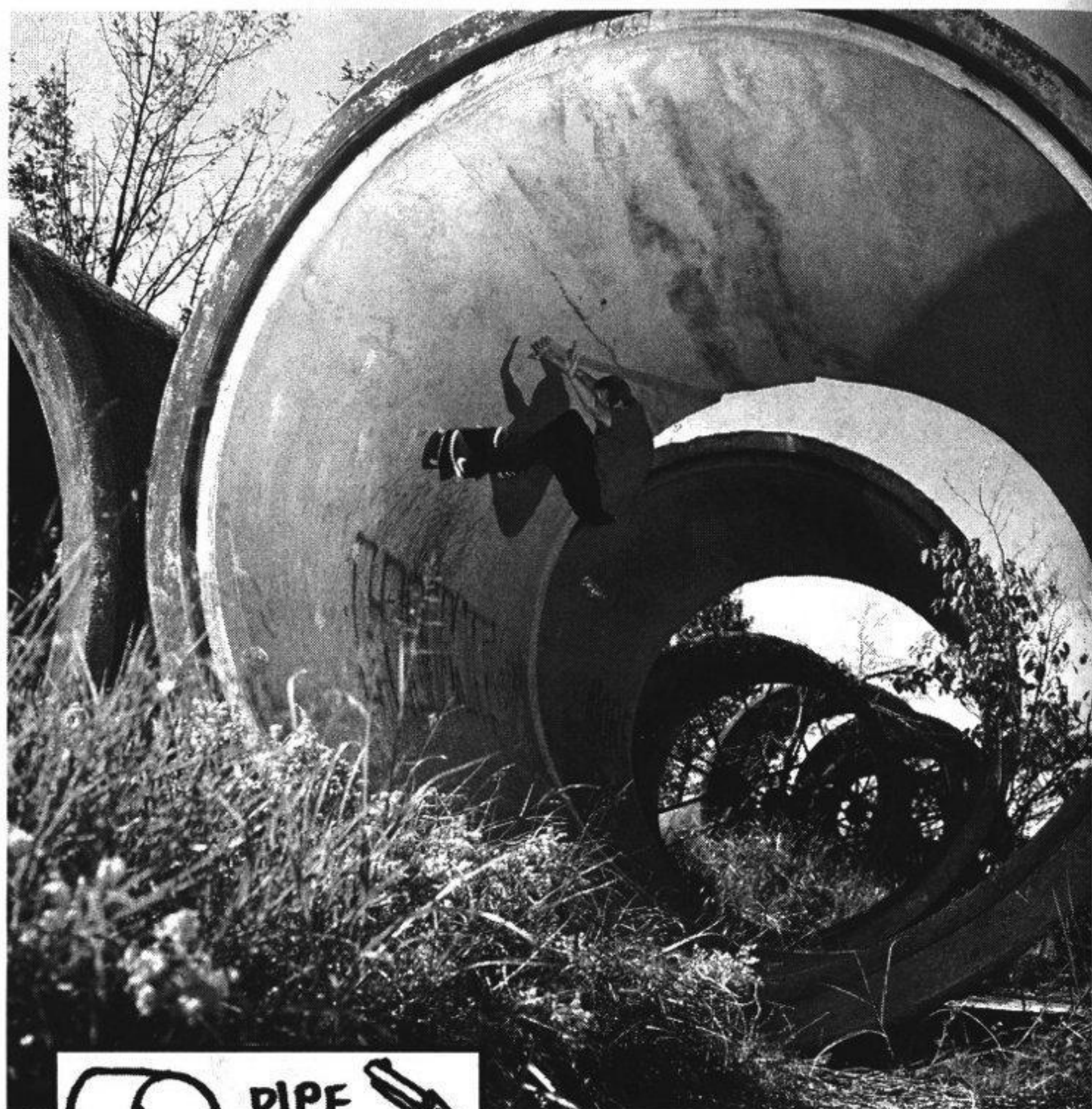


Science clears the deck at Wanchese.
© Geoff Graham



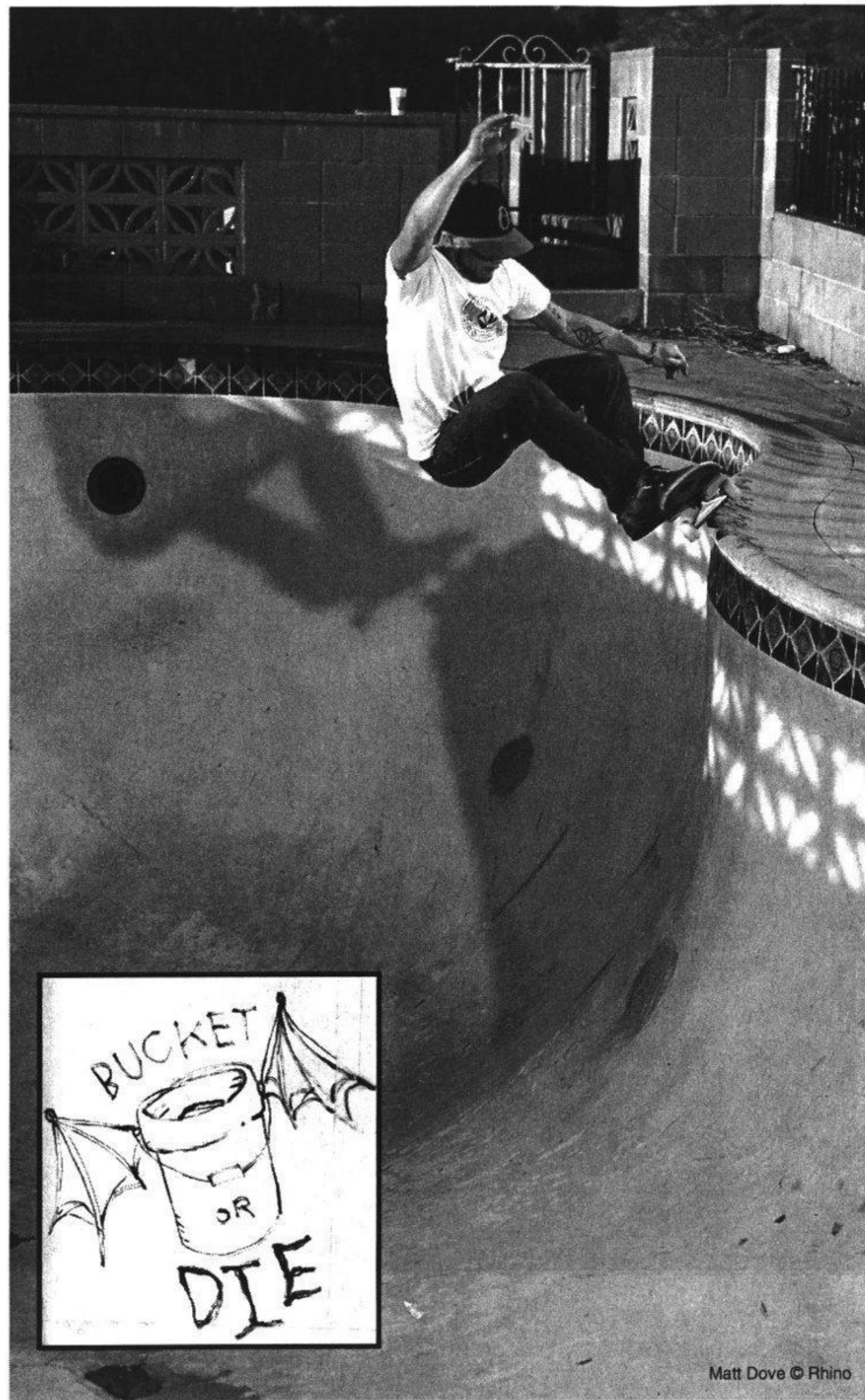
Devin McGuire, Mary Poppins, prepares to smack pool coping with his tail. That there's a beefy Madonna executed on a very nice vert ramp in a serene backyard. Maryland. Photo © Hector





PIPE
BANDITO

Chet Childress © Rhino



BUCKET
OR
DIE

Matt Dove © Rhino



THE FLATS R.I.P

THE FLATS BBQ "GRAND OPENING"

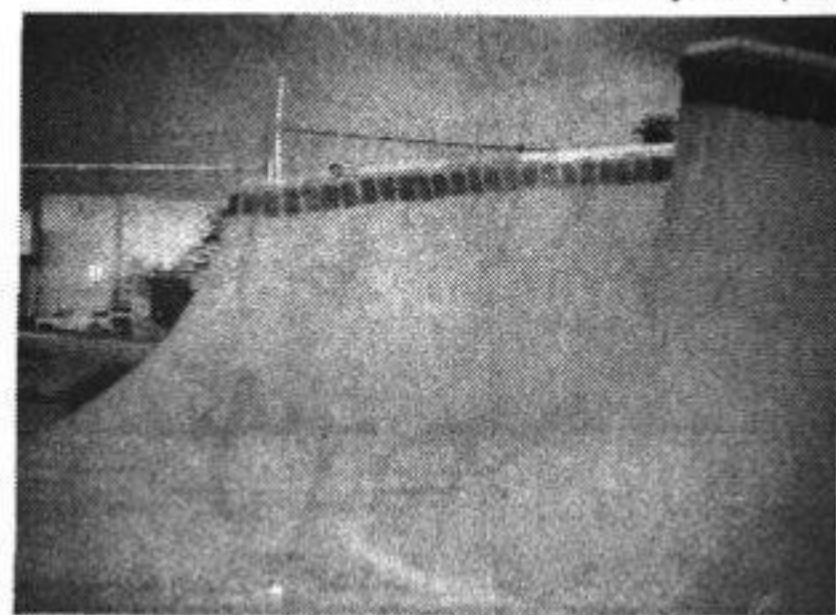


SCOTT, SHALLON END GRIND ON THE CHALK LIKE SAFETY COPE
(WANTA-BE ANTHONY COPE)



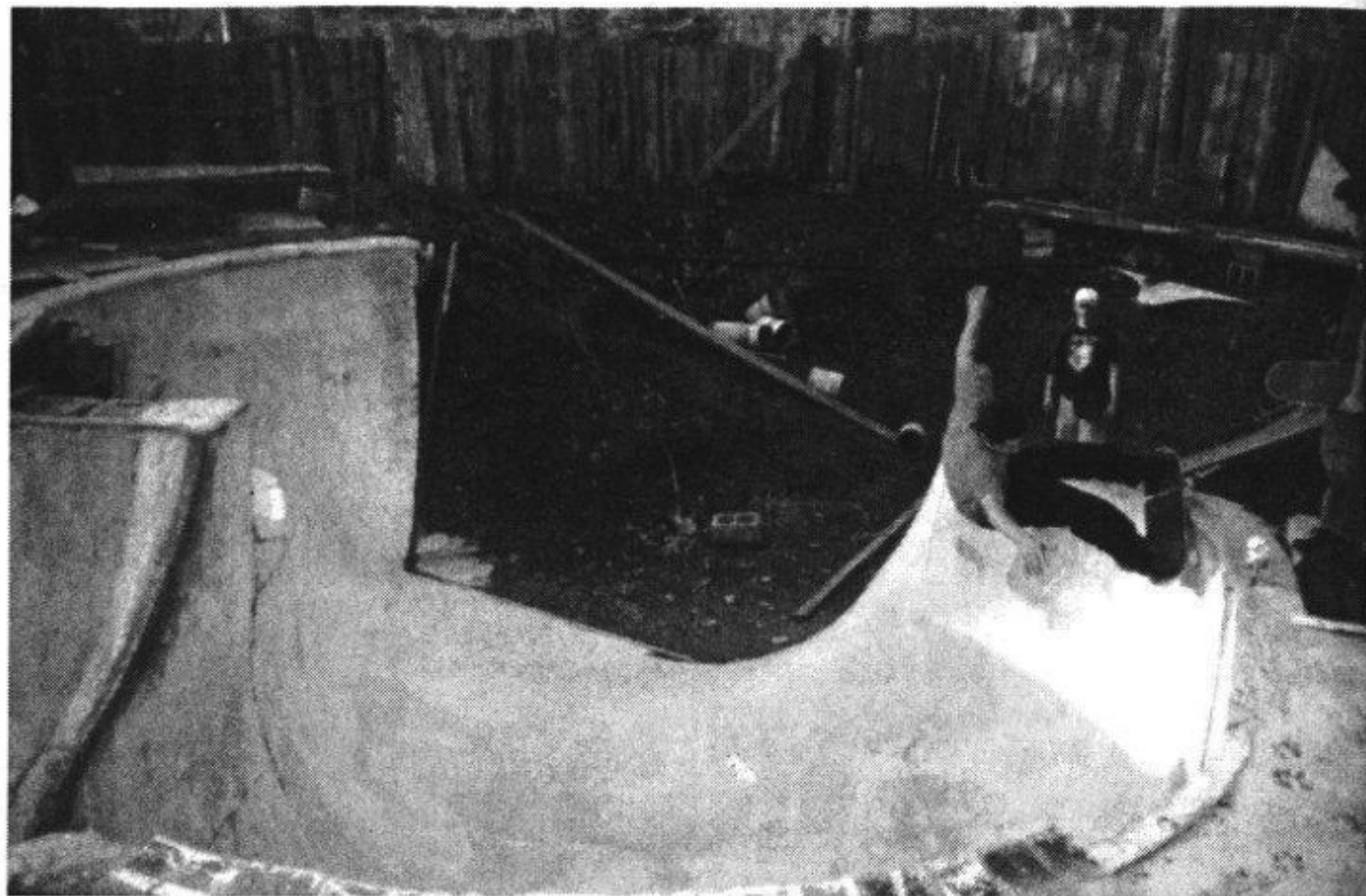
I HAVE MANY PICTURES OF THIS PLACE ... GRAND OPENING...

LUNAR LANDSCAPES, THAT'S WHAT WE INTO
DOWN HERE MEXICO-WAY... THE FLATS.



casa Enriquez

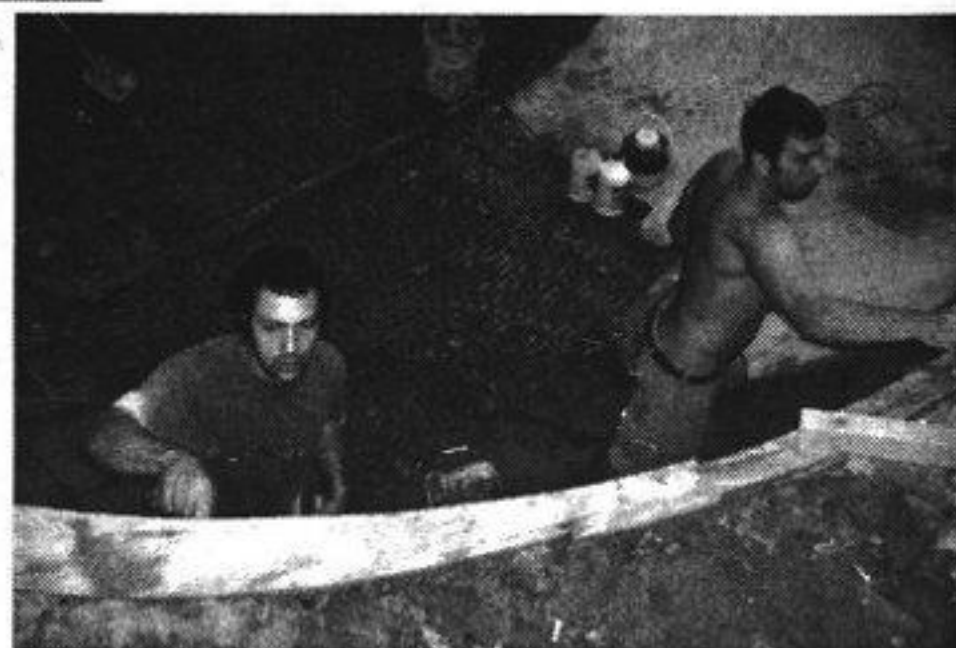
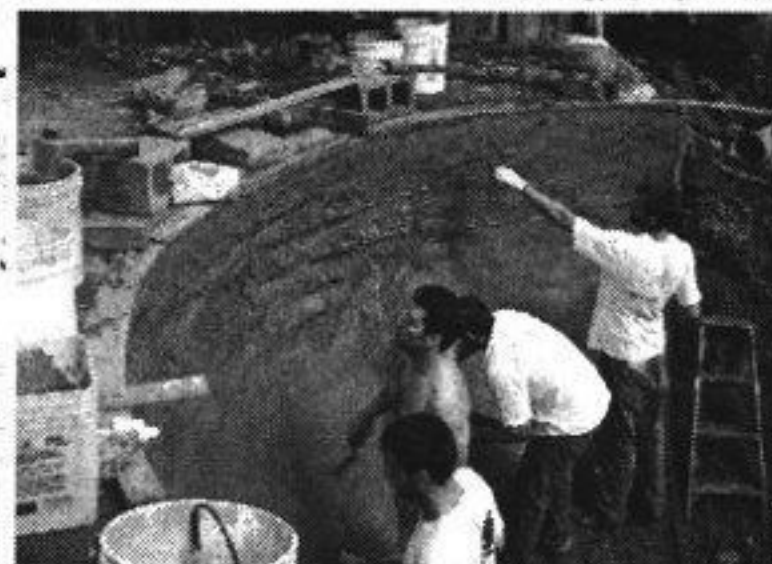
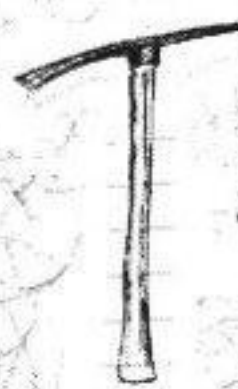


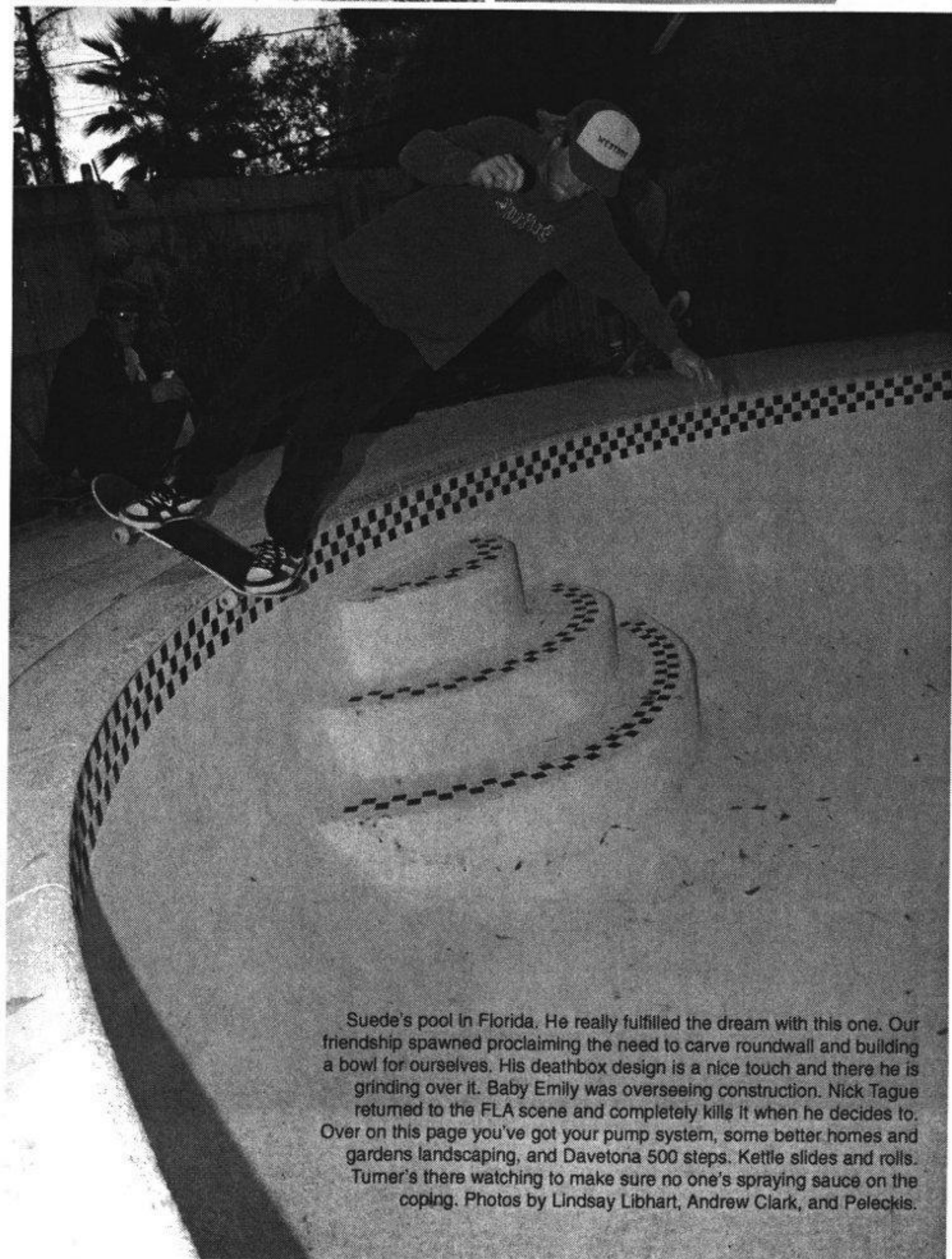
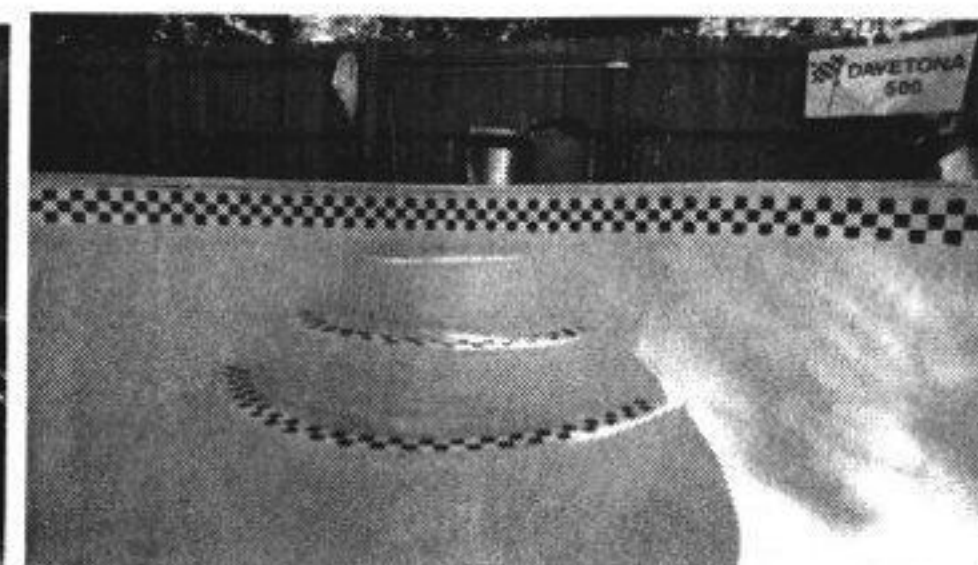
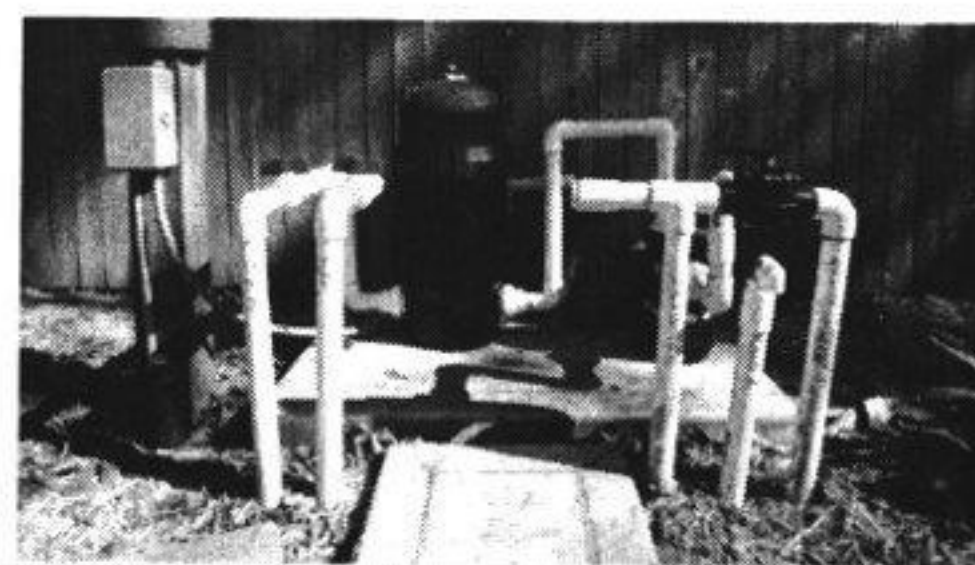
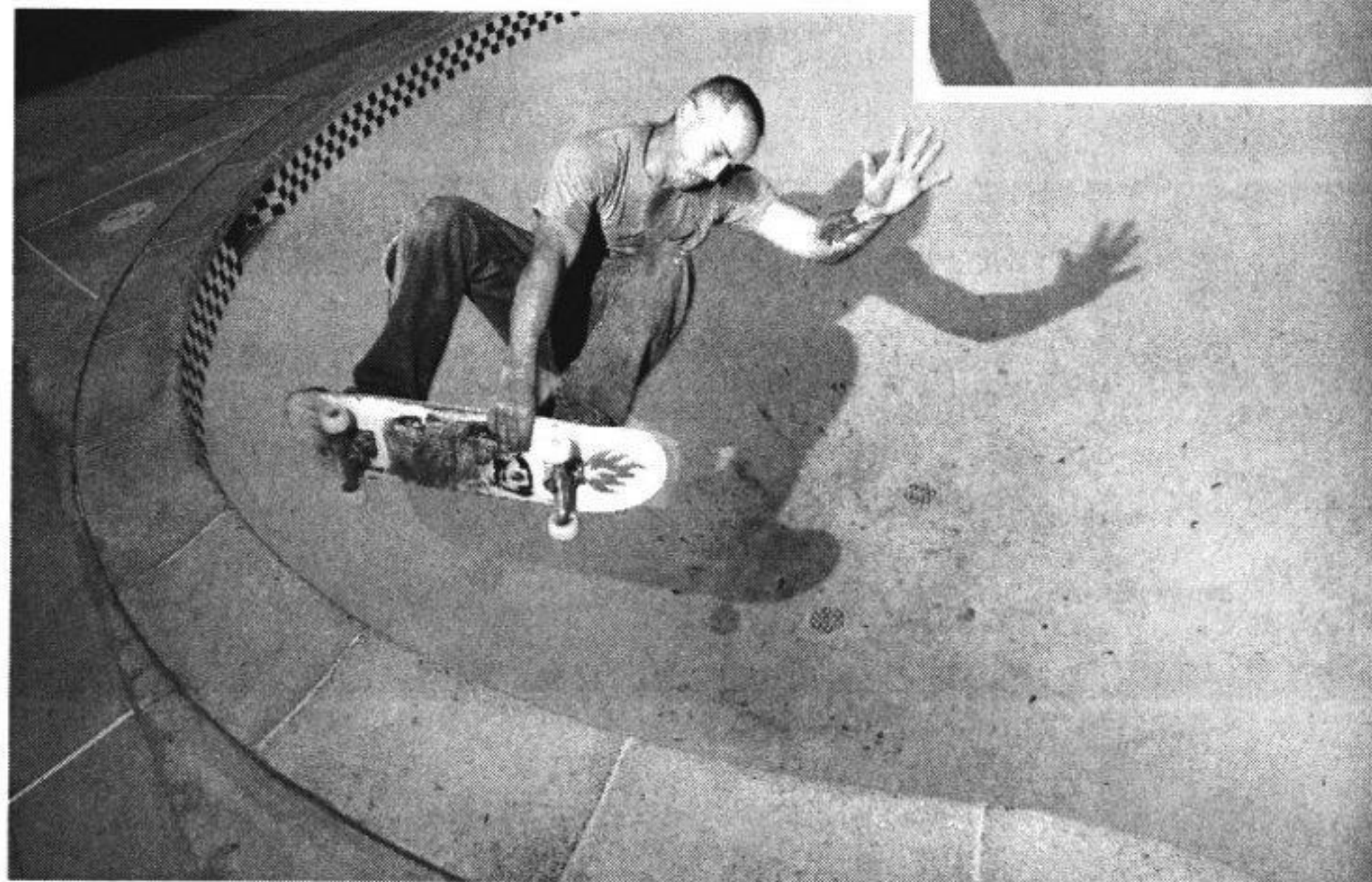
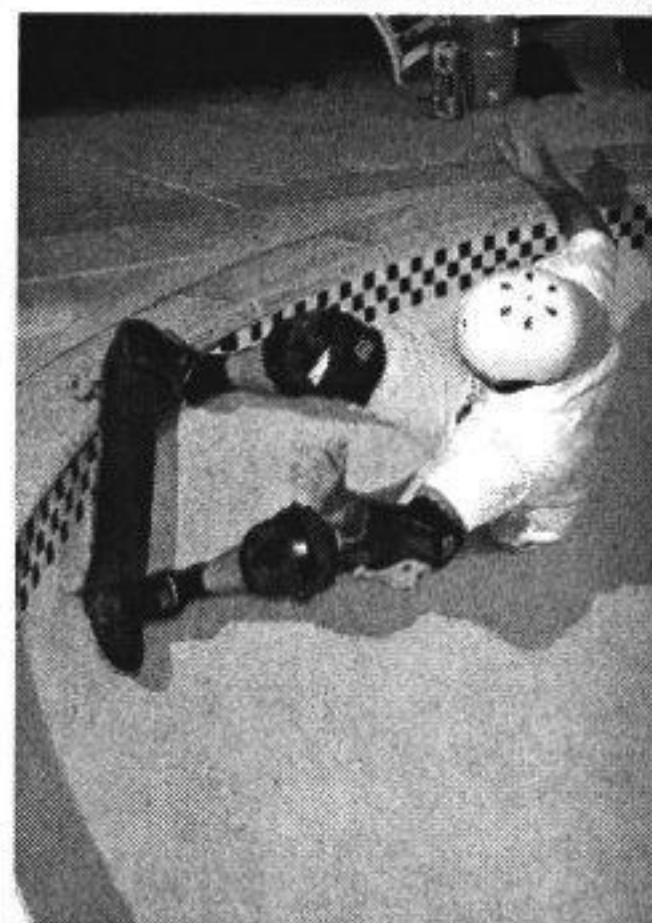
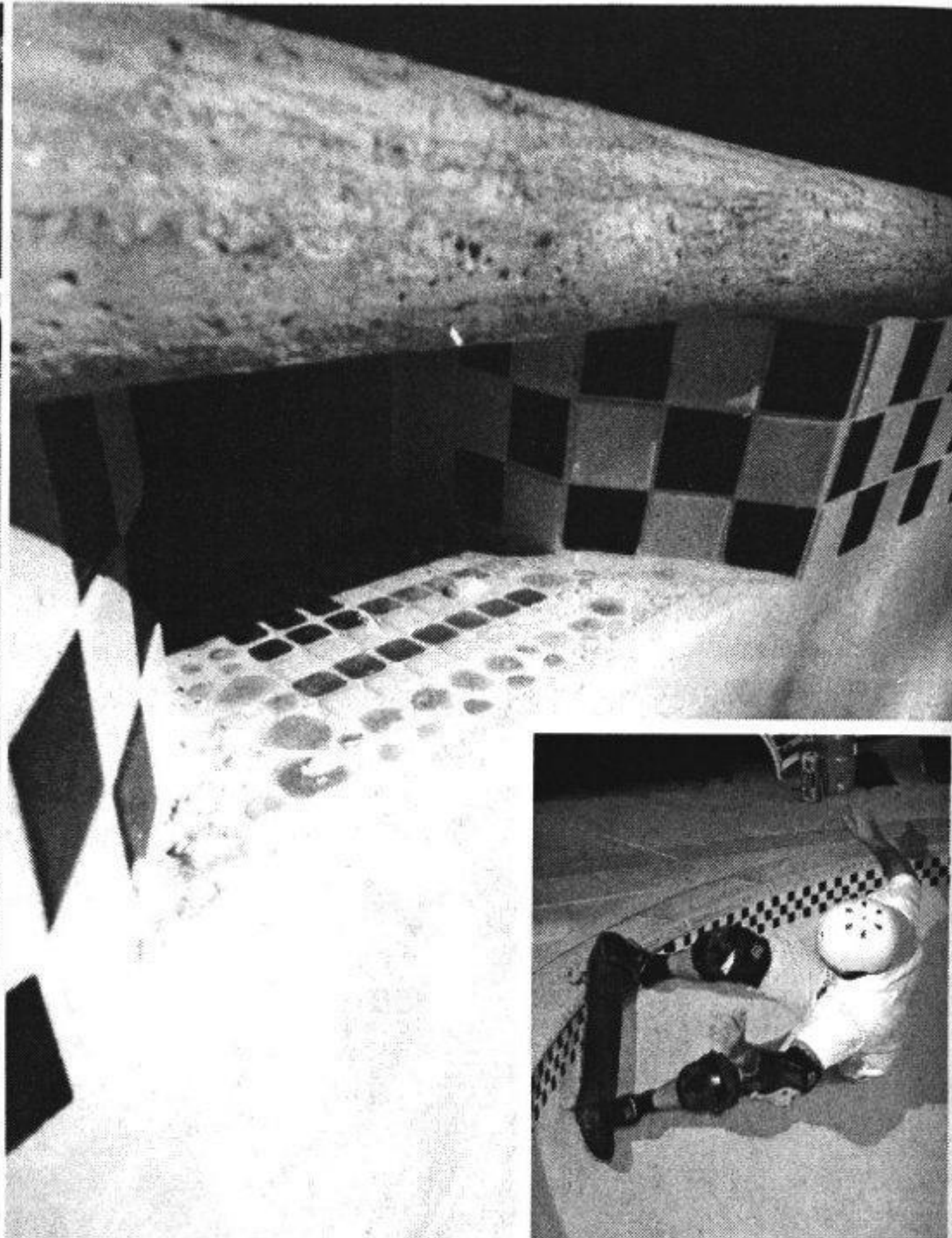
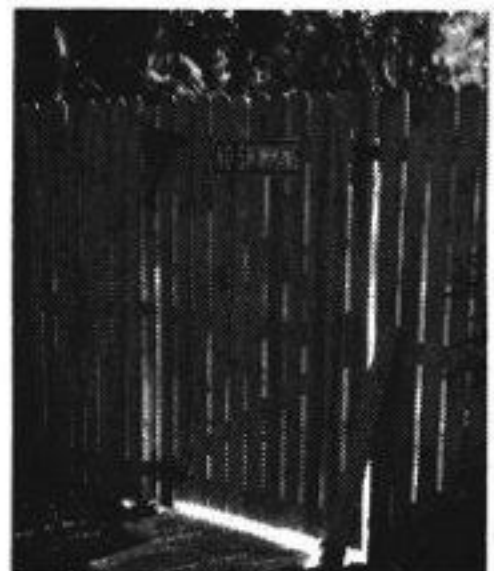
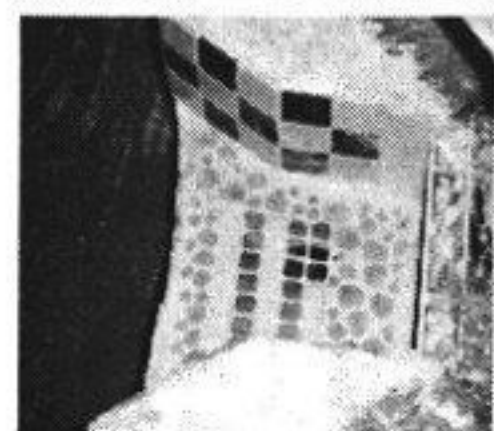


Broken pick handles. Back pain. Birthing giant rock after giant rock. Bad wrists. Blisters. Bucket running. Years and years of digging, digging, followed by digging. Hand stacked concrete. Skate a little bit, then dig some more. Three weeks after buying the house Fernando was pouring concrete in his yard. Almost six years later it's just about done. Injuries slowed him down. Amazing effort. Awesome terrain. Absotively fun times digging and skating.

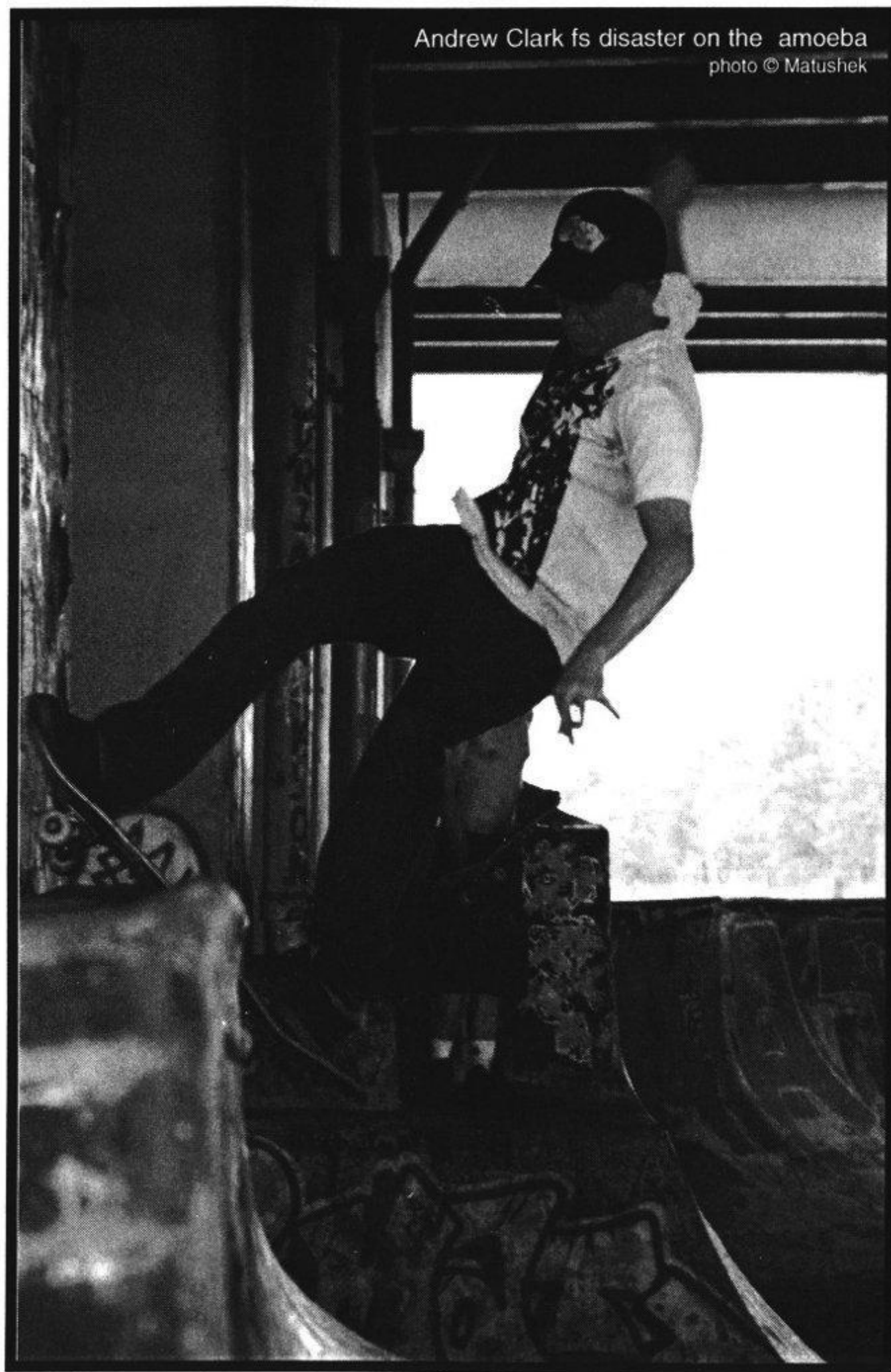


Natural Born World Shaker

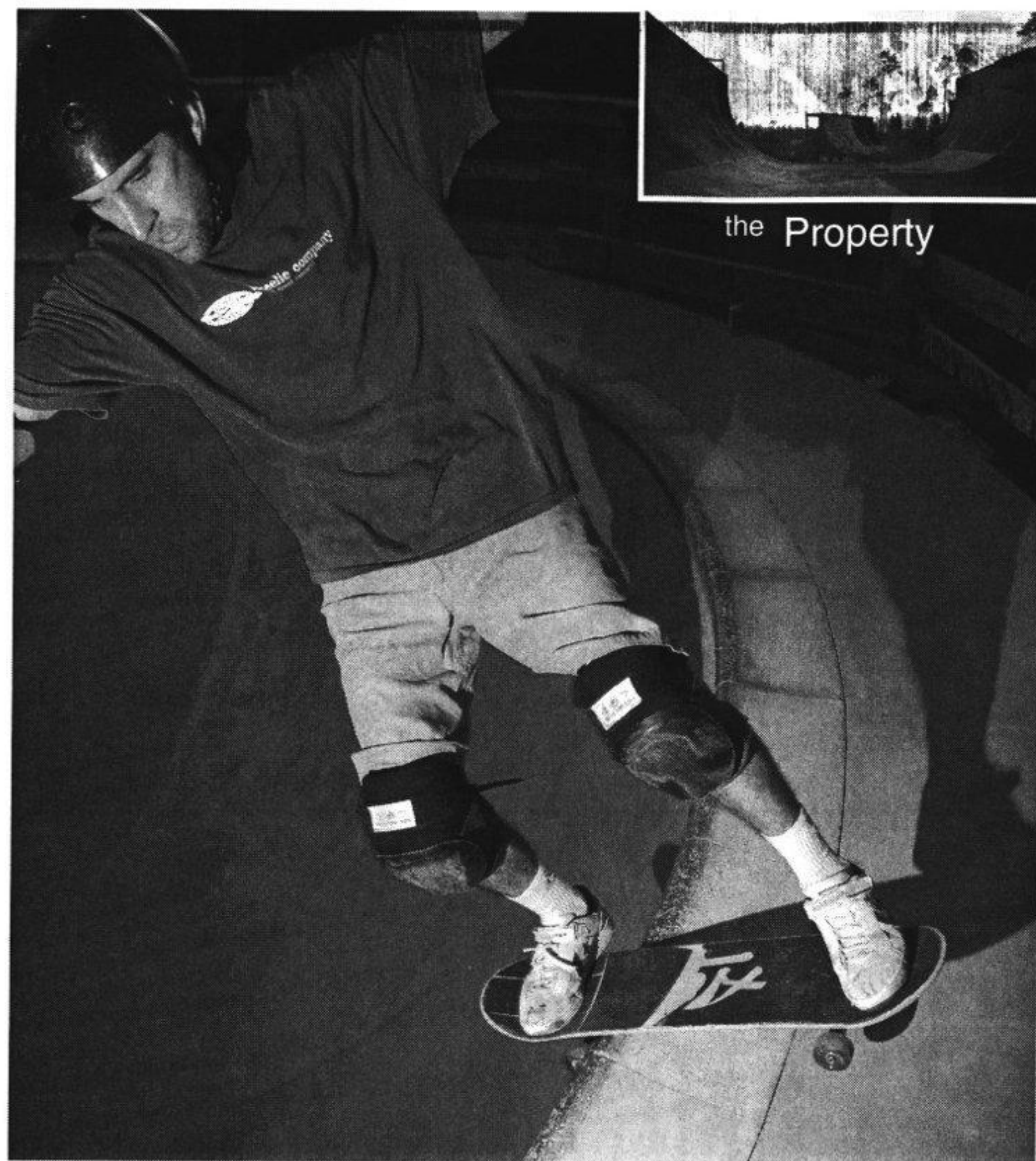




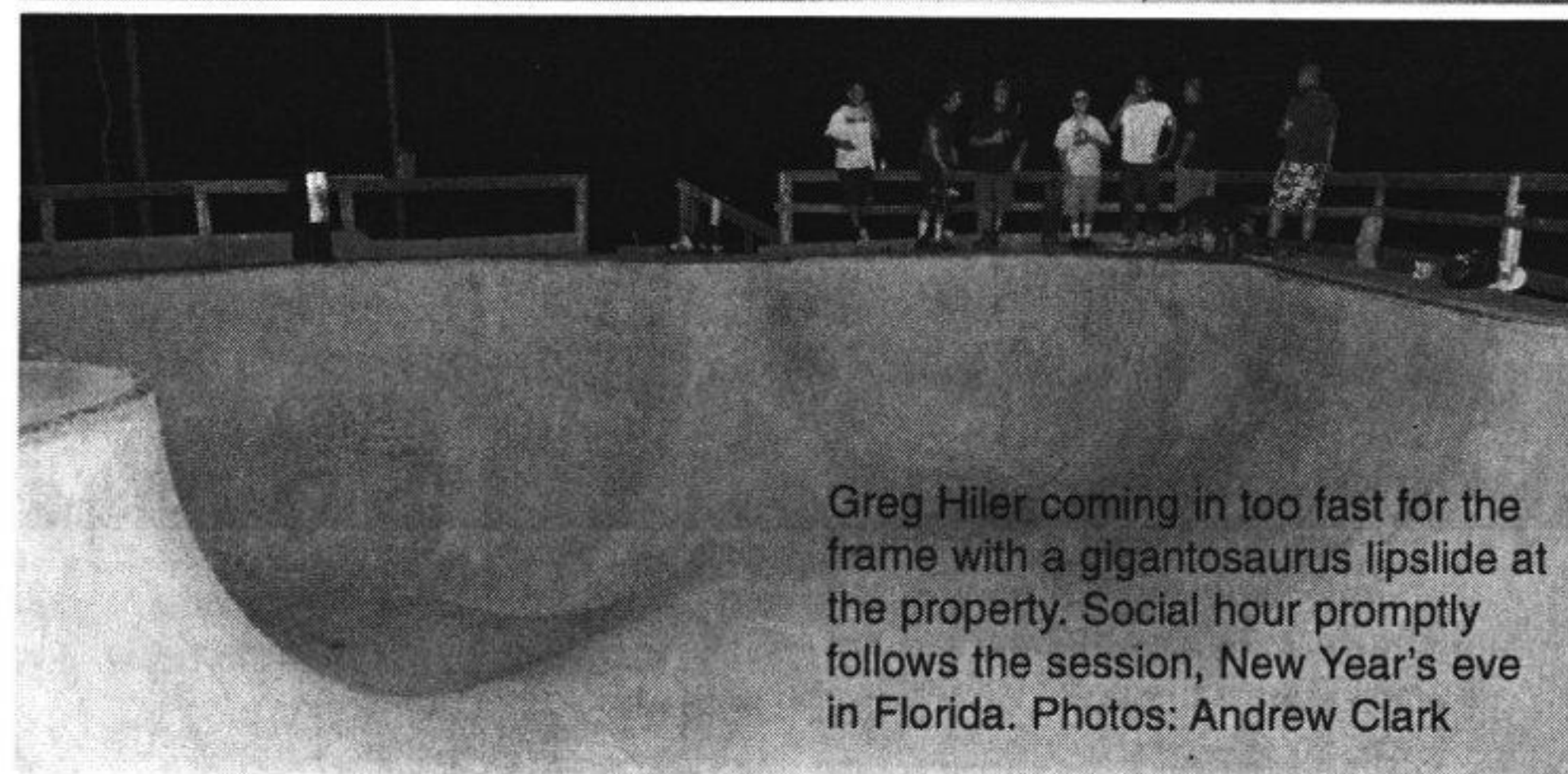
Suede's pool in Florida. He really fulfilled the dream with this one. Our friendship spawned proclaiming the need to carve roundwall and building a bowl for ourselves. His deathbox design is a nice touch and there he is grinding over it. Baby Emily was overseeing construction. Nick Tague returned to the FLA scene and completely kills it when he decides to. Over on this page you've got your pump system, some better homes and gardens landscaping, and Davetona 500 steps. Kettle slides and rolls. Turner's there watching to make sure no one's spraying sauce on the coping. Photos by Lindsay Libhart, Andrew Clark, and Peleckis.



Andrew Clark fs disaster on the amoeba
photo © Matushek



the Property



Greg Hiler coming in too fast for the frame with a gigantosaurus lipslide at the property. Social hour promptly follows the session, New Year's eve in Florida. Photos: Andrew Clark

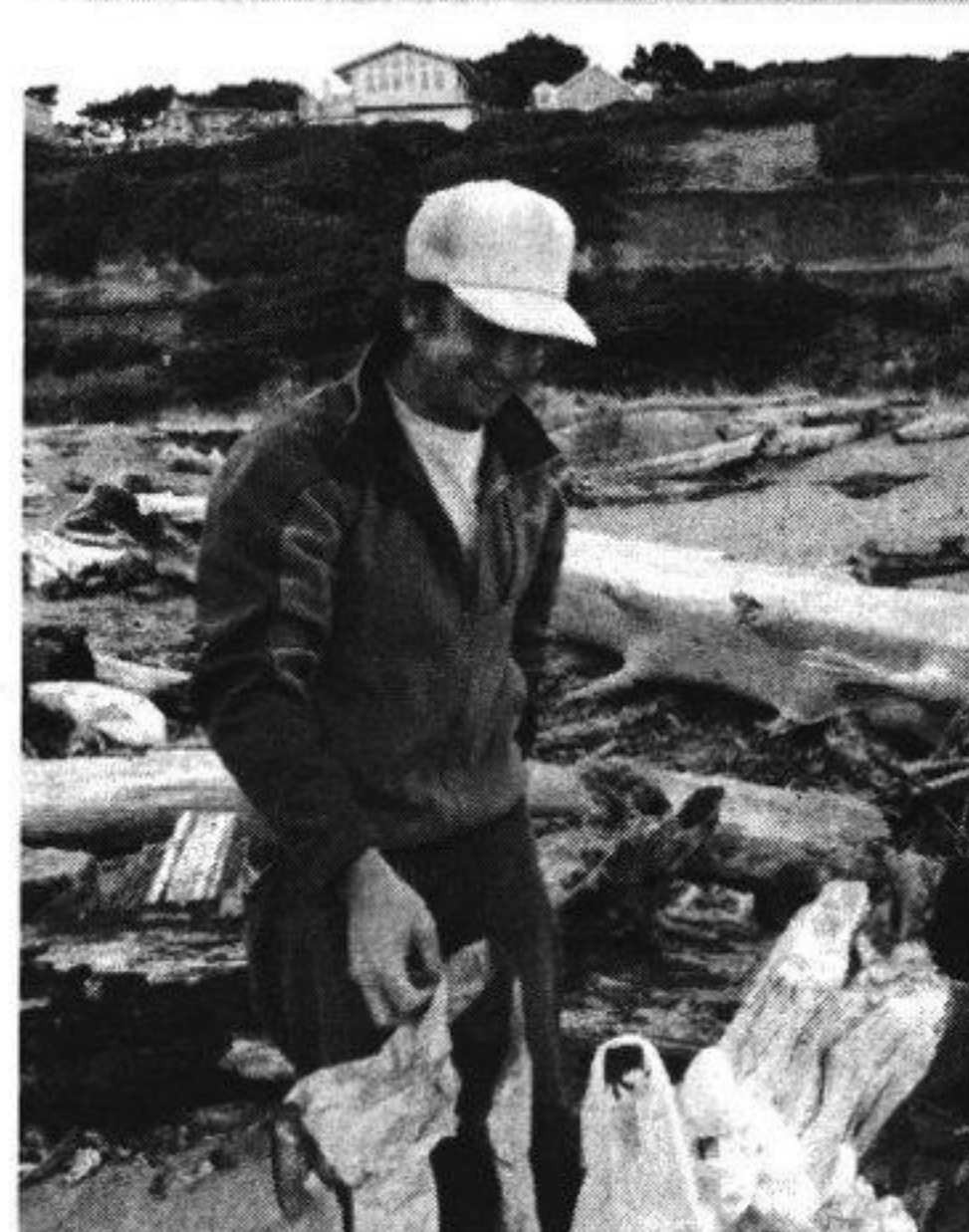
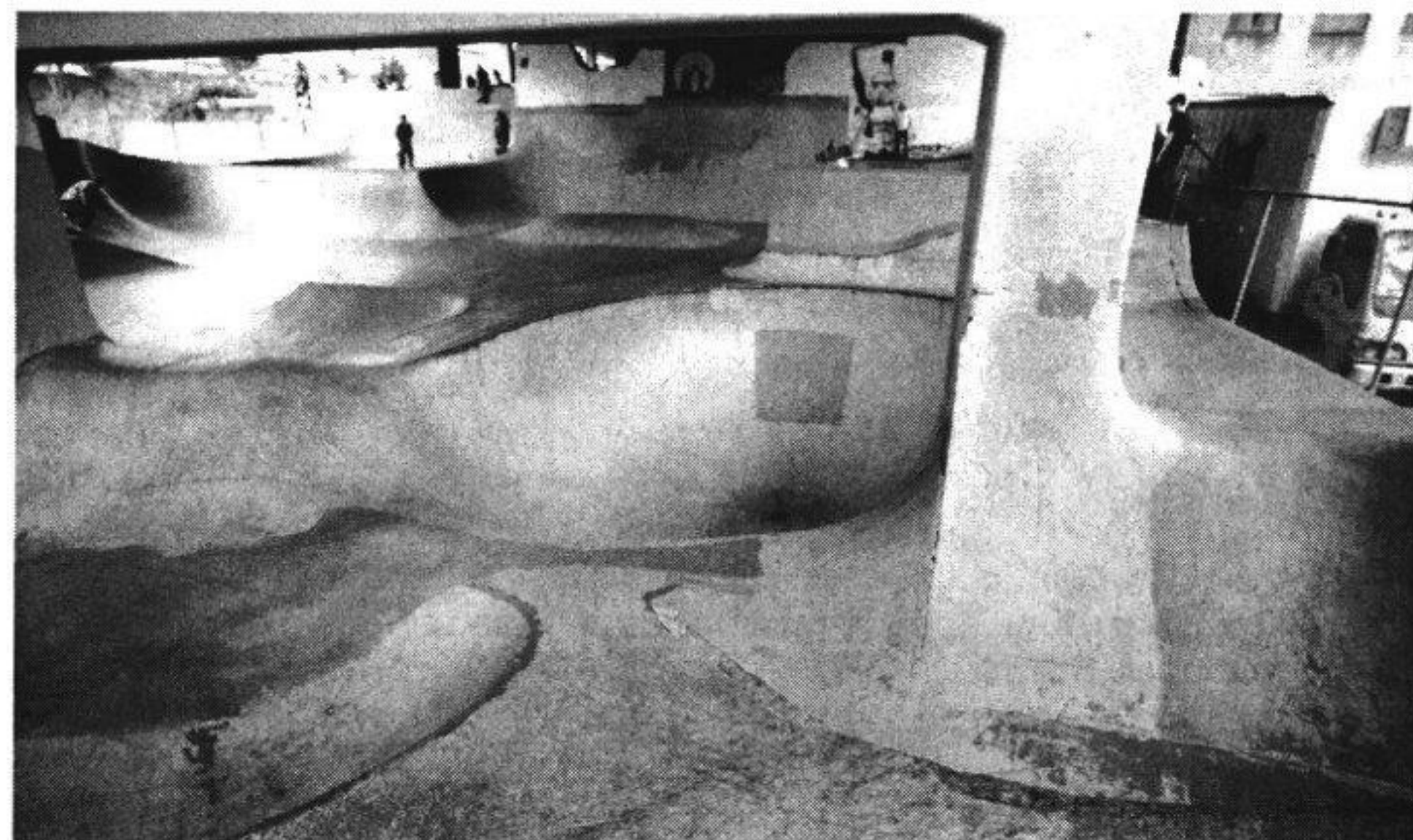
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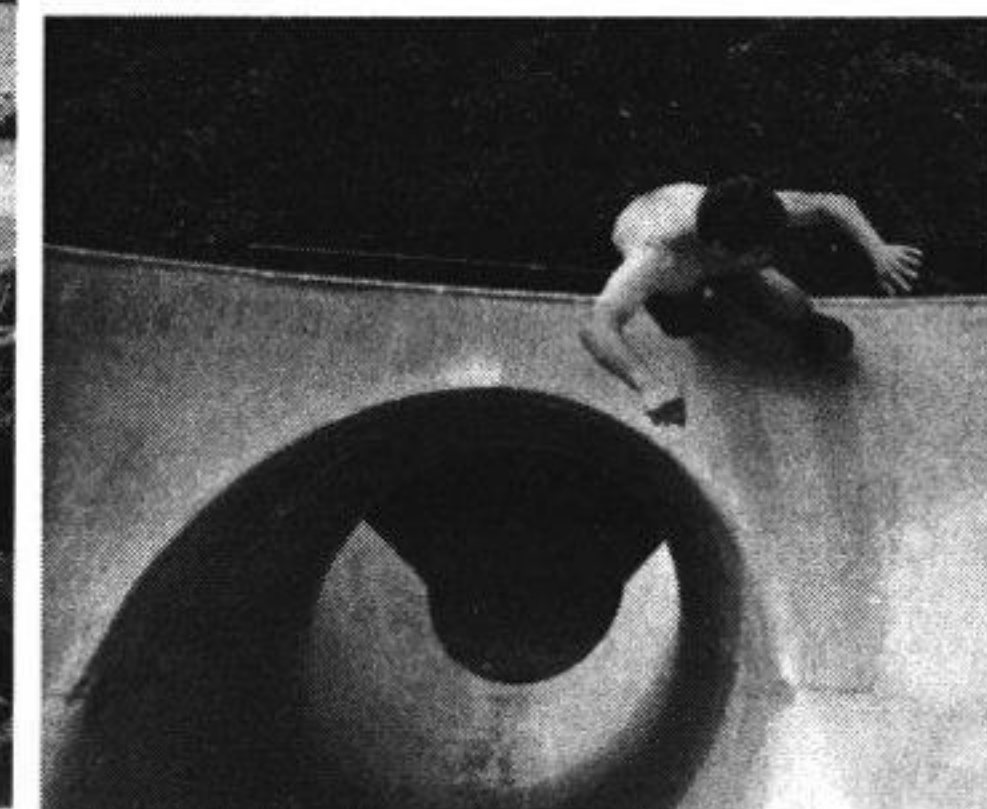
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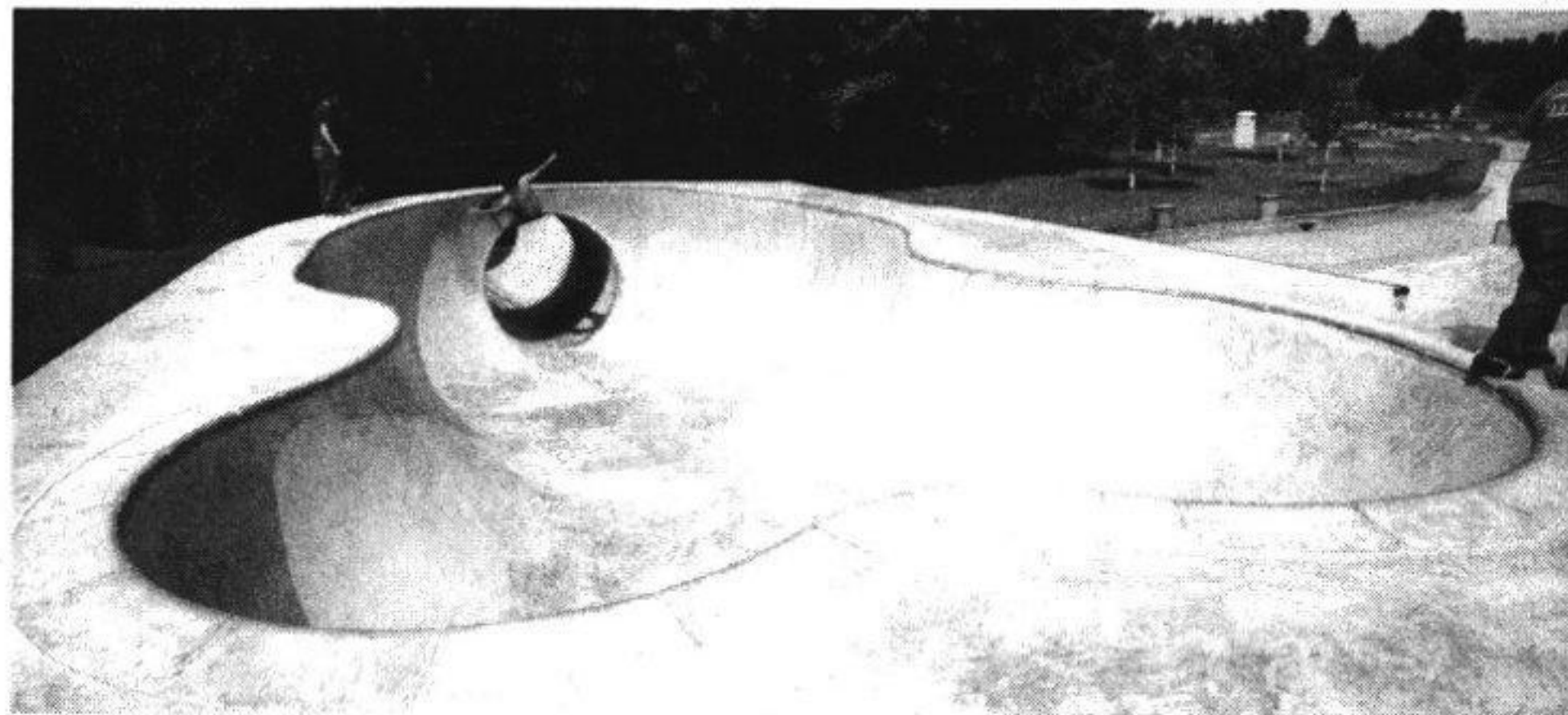


Cody
Boat
stands
up
Confessor
Russo



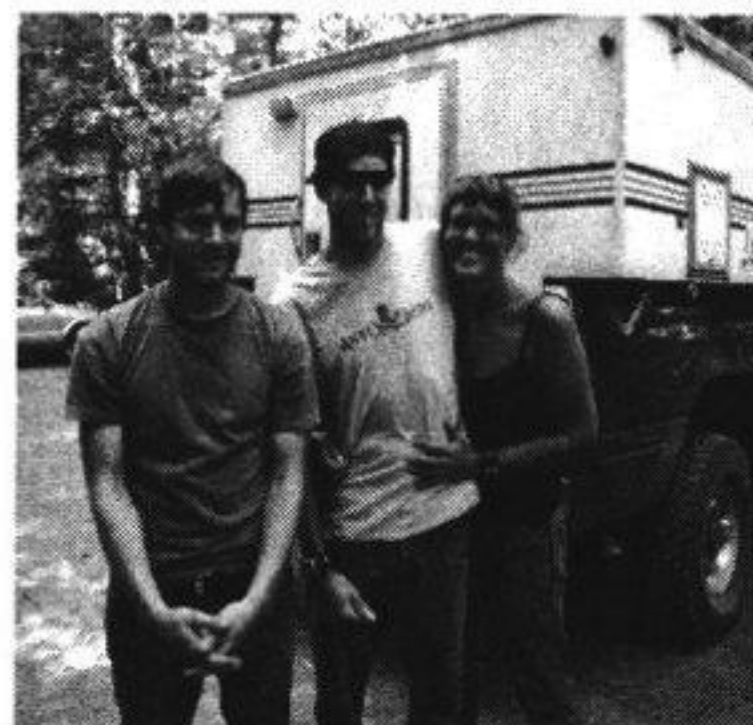
Burnside for breakfast. Russo grinds and Timmy rolls in Lincoln City phase 2. Timmy's psyched to eat crabs and oysters cooked in a driftwood fire. Confessor navigates McMinnville, Oregon.



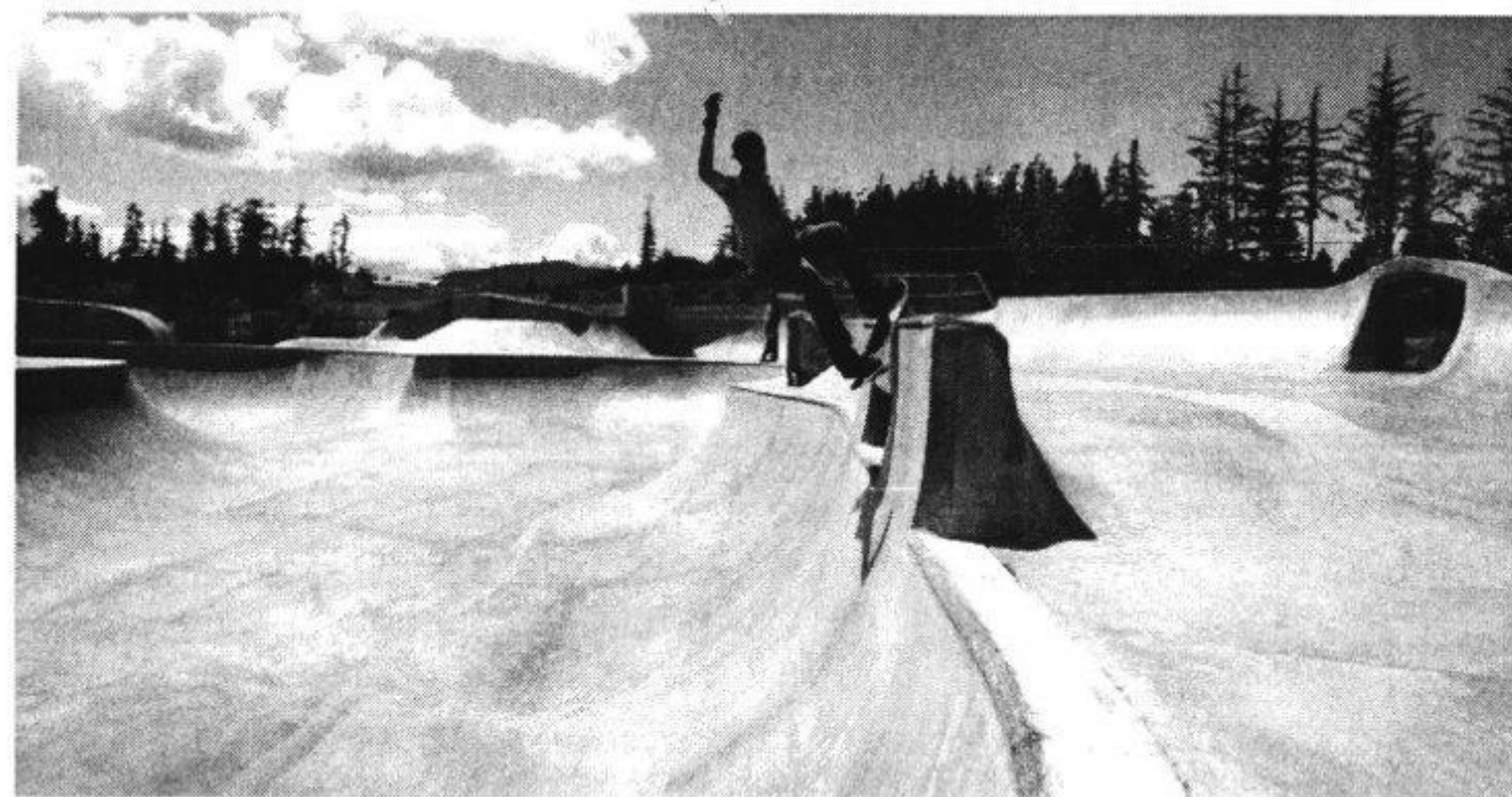


I'll tell you what, I think those doorway thingys are just plain exciting. Russo likes 'em shortly after waking up on Timmy's floor still feeling the car bombs from the night before. Hi-Ho.

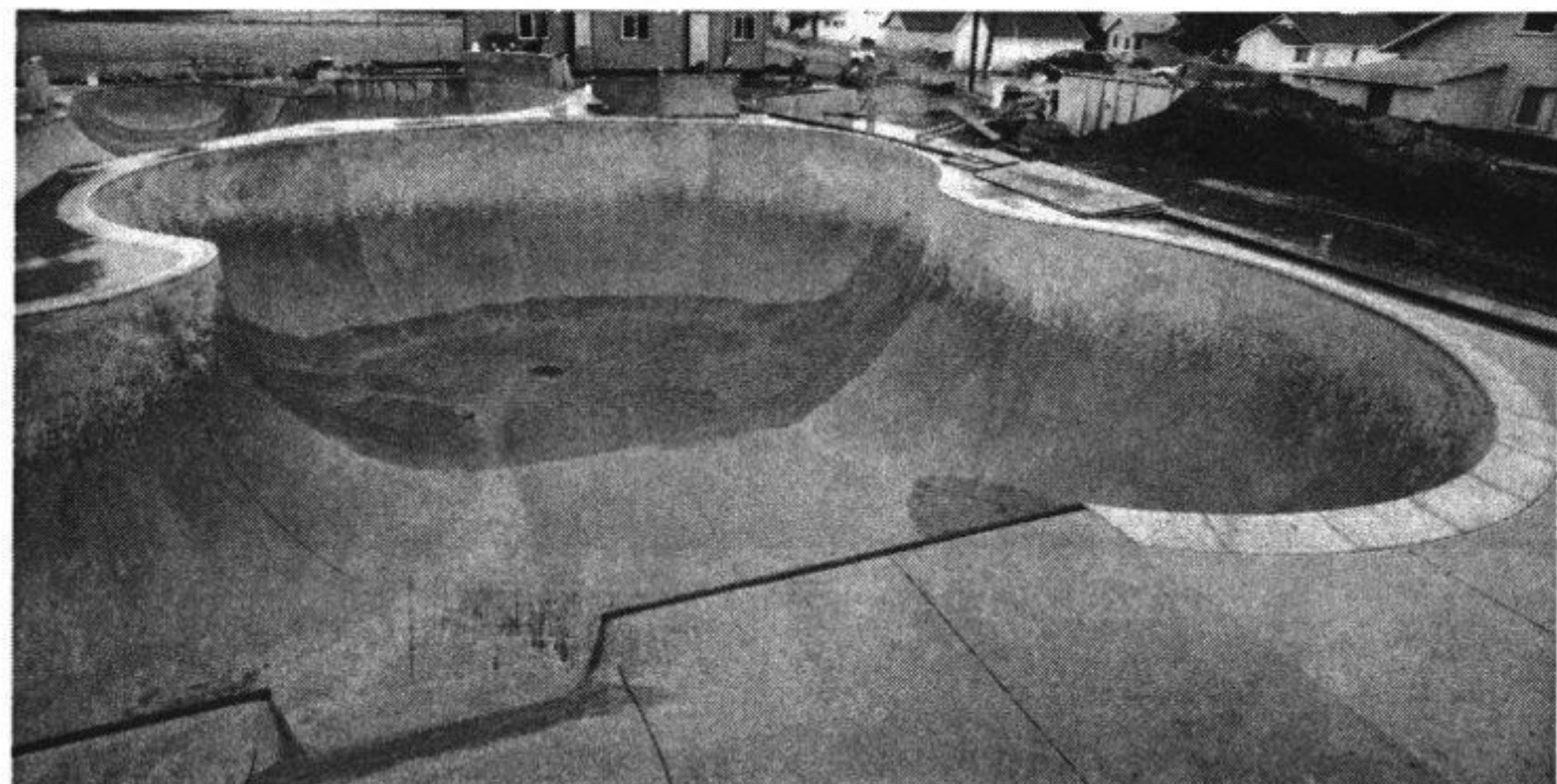
The wind up for this entryway in Milton, Washington makes it a thrill ride. Plus, it's kind of close to the airport in case you need to pick up or drop off one of your homies.



Hang out with old friends and meet new ones. B.T. came with us to Orcas. Dana and John showed us around the island. John smith grinds the box. Ting-a-ling.



One of Dreamland's crews was working on this park in Port Angeles. Good park Great people. Many thanks to all the hosts and hostesses.



Saratoga Springs, New York

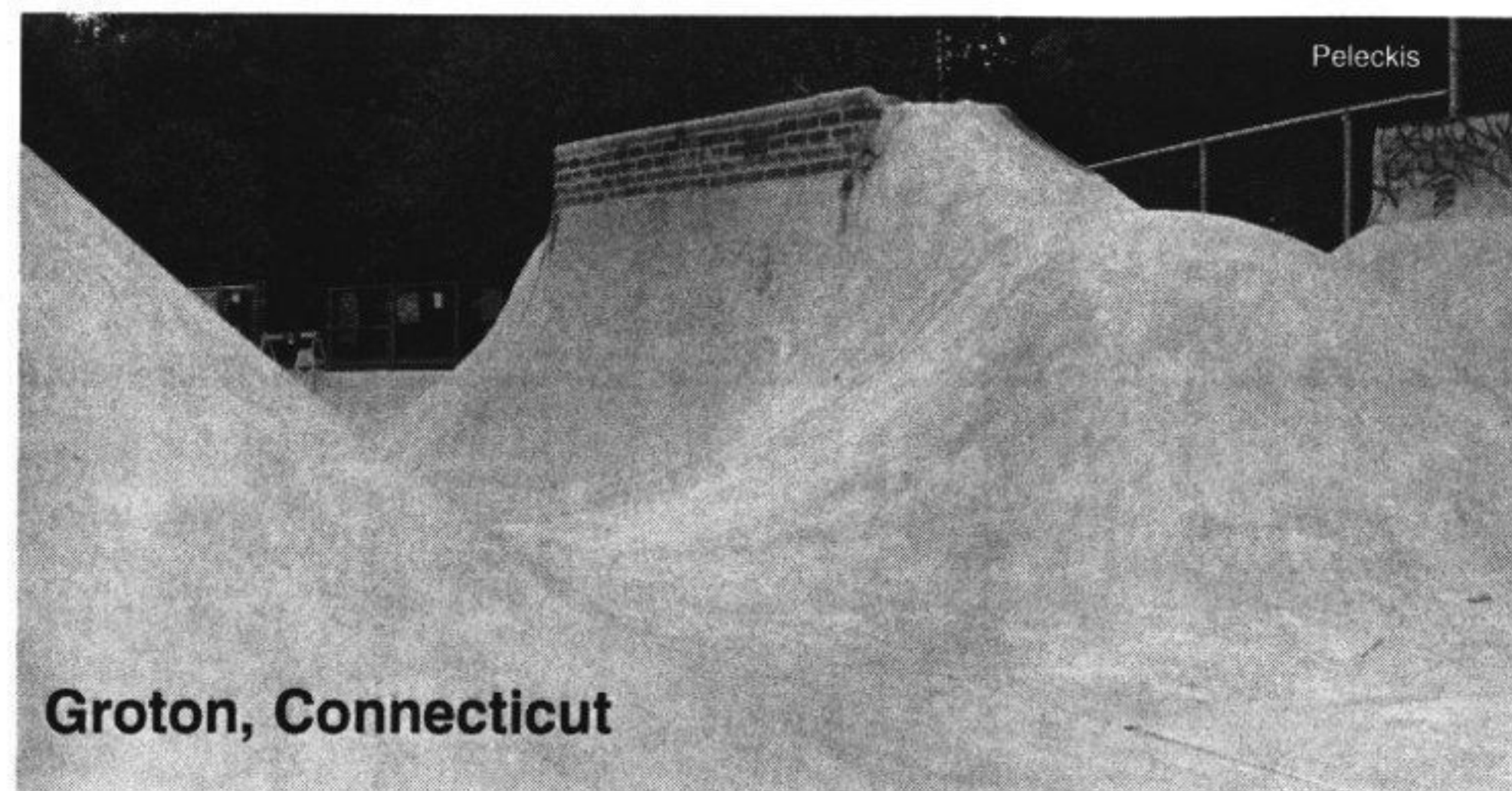


Merk

West Philly

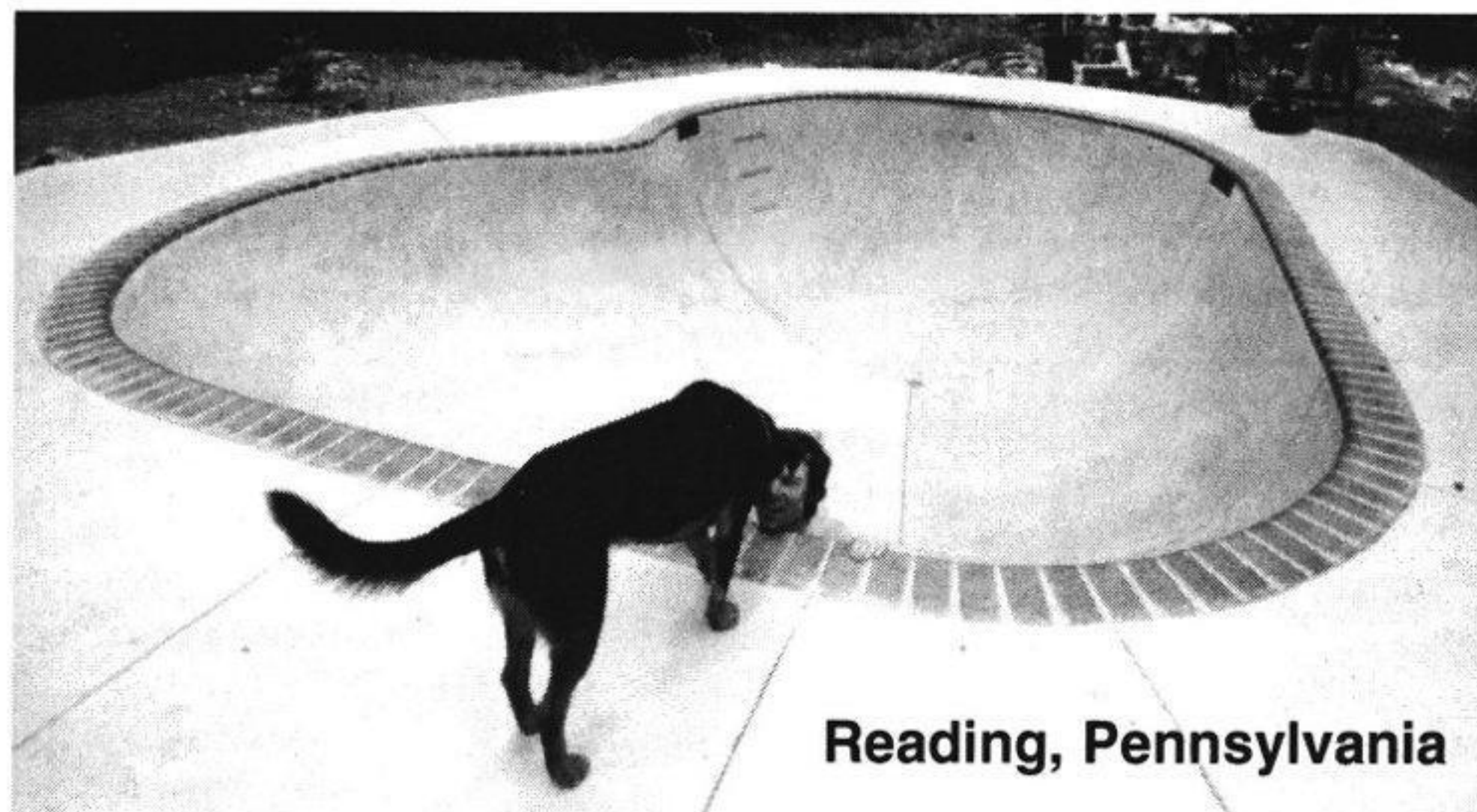


Peleckis

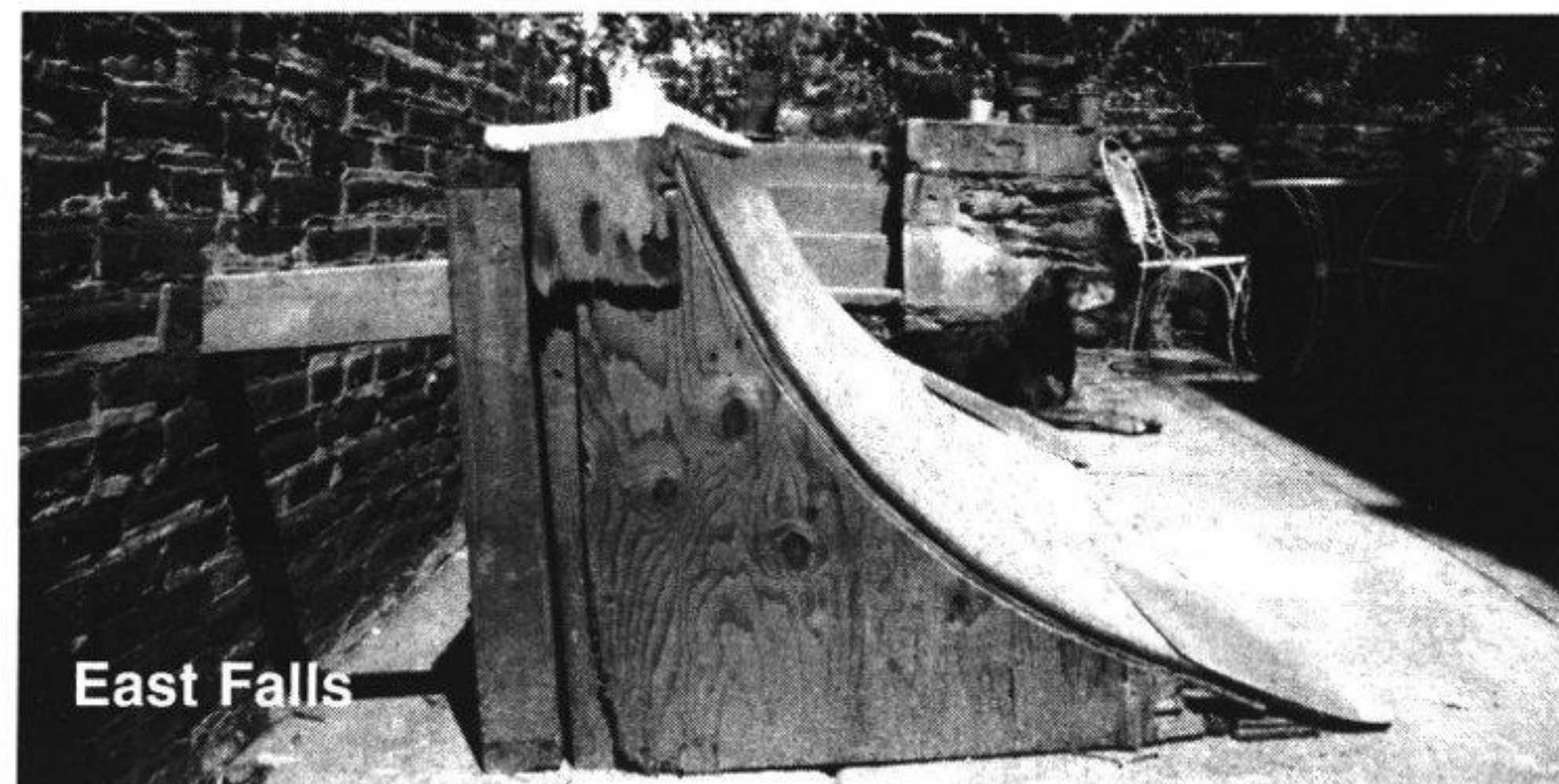


Peleckis

Groton, Connecticut



Reading, Pennsylvania



East Falls

$\frac{1}{2}at^2$
AU
What you're seeing is the perfection of a conscious act of craziness. What you're seeing is pinpoint focus combined with mad abandon in such a way as to cause the specters of death and the exaltations of life to collide at some kind of crossroads. The sparks that fly from that collision are like little shards of God. If you can hold them in your mind for more than five seconds, you can understand everything that was or will ever be.

- Tom Robbins
Villa Incognito

Jimmy the Greek
hoists a Mammoth
frontside invert with
pinpoint focus and
mad abandon.
Photo © rhino



The Good With The Bad

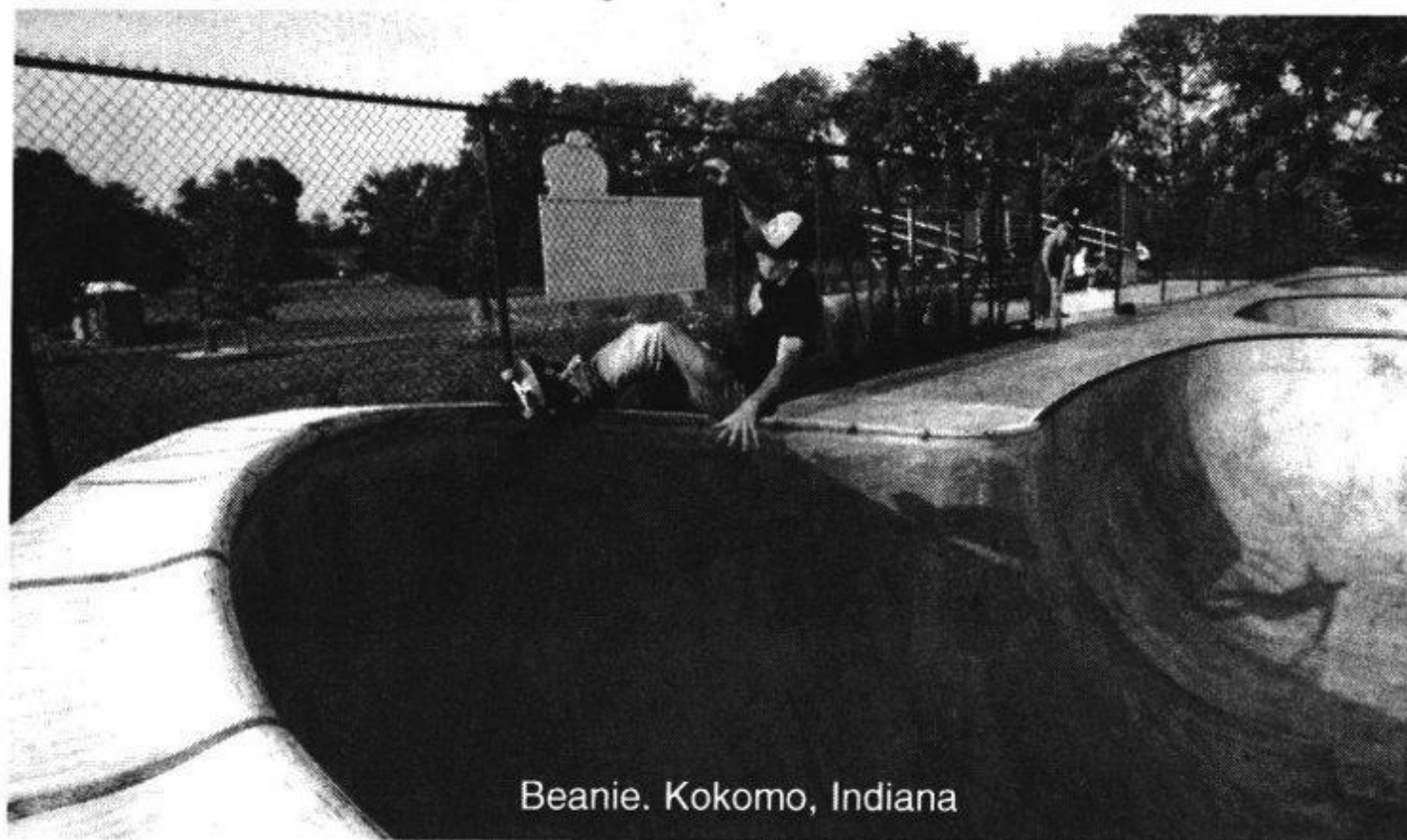
(more pictures and words by peleckis)

Sitting around in Kokomo, Indiana the boys and I started to notice and discuss a few things. It was a Monday in July, we arrived in town around 5:30 am, crashed out for a while and then attacked the park amid a handful of local groms. We were hyped, you could feel the buzz run after run. The energy was only slightly diluted by the occasional geek struggling to get his bmx bike into and out of the tight trannies. There he would climb on at the flat and dork around for a minute before one us whizzed right past him. A couple of kids were learning to skate and they got a run in here or there but like I said, we were buzzed up to ride, to hype it up with a trick in a new spot, to feel our heart drop out as we shot down the waterfalls and through the elbowed fullpipe. Later on, the local ripper, Beanie, showed up after work hours. The kids announced his arrival, we sessioned, he ripped, and then we were kicking back in the parking lot before hitting the road again. Beanie was telling us

how some of the kids were complaining to him about us snaking them. I started laughing, I got a tremendous kick out of this. I mean our session wasn't even that heavy, there were

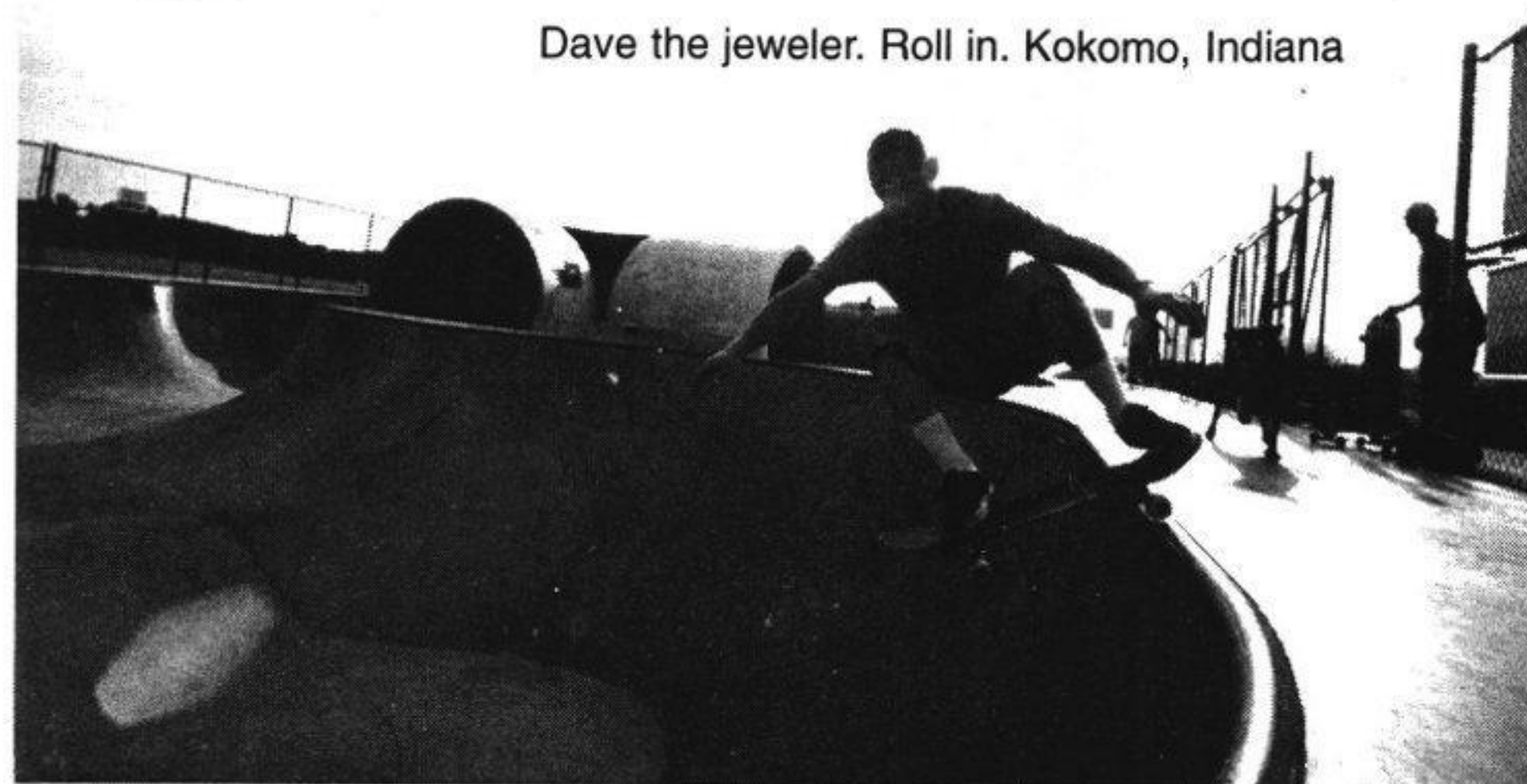
learning to snake your way into a heavy session is a milestone in your progression like overcoming your fear to drop in for the first time or bomb a hill without dragging your foot

only four of us. Besides, learning to snake your way into a heavy session is a milestone in your progression like overcoming your fear to drop in for the first time or bomb a hill without dragging your foot. Aloha. Some of the younger skaters seem to be less comfortable or familiar with a snake session and I started to think about why. These days you can plan a road trip where you literally pick and choose the parks or spots you want



Beanie. Kokomo, Indiana

Dave the jeweler. Roll in. Kokomo, Indiana



to stop and ride. "Nah, that one has all metal coping" or "that one has too many bikers, let's skip it." There is so much terrain to choose from; it's a stuntwood feast out there. I am loving it for sure. I guess every plus has its minus though. One of the by-products, I think, of all this new terrain is a sense of entitlement in some skaters. They actually feel entitled to their

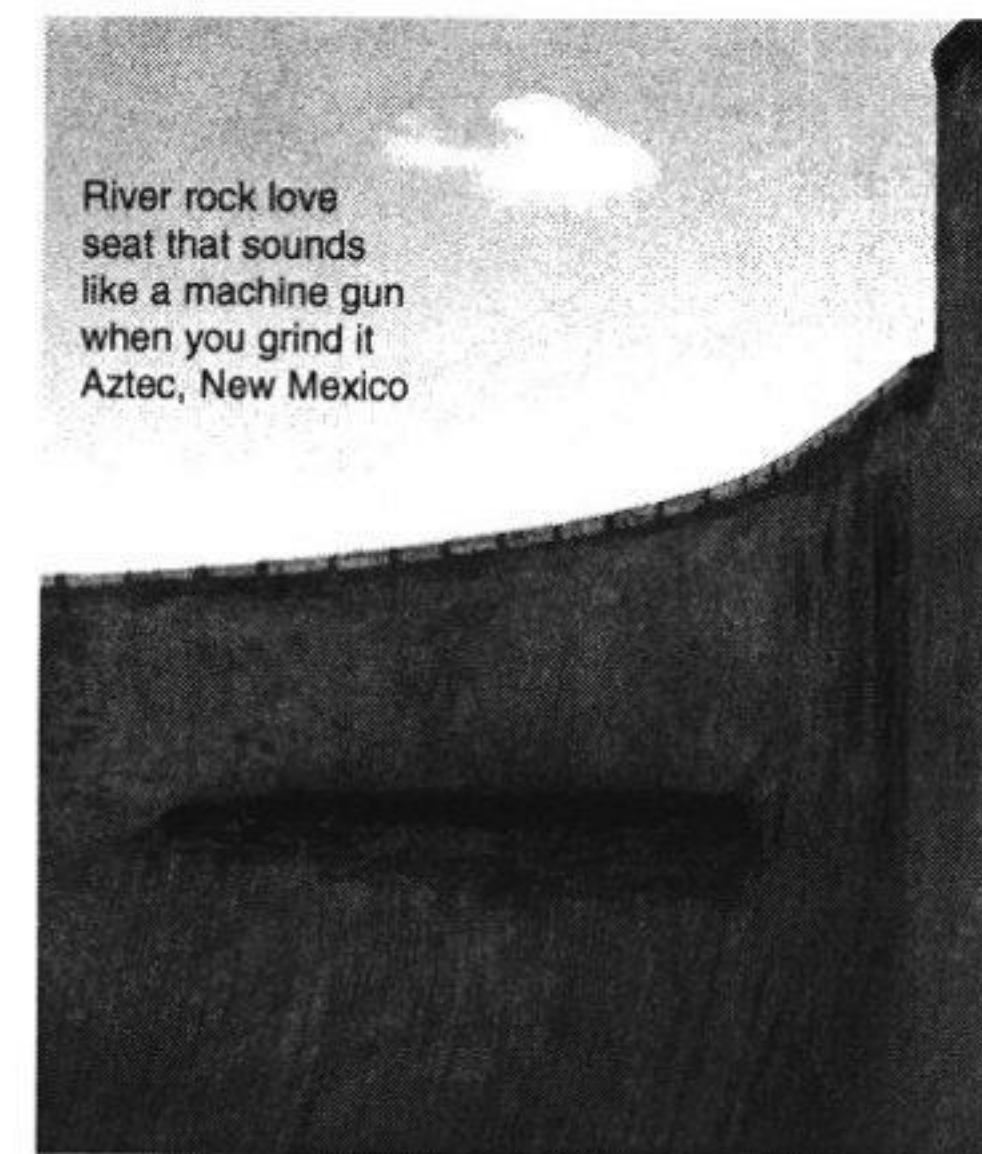
There is so much terrain to choose from; it's a stuntwood feast out there.

runs. I'm not just talking about the groms in Kokomo either. Older skaters in Tempe, Arizona were bummed when I started snaking them. A mom yelled at me, "Could you not go while my son is in the bowl?" At my local park, FDR, I had a run in with a kid from Baltimore. I was gunning it toward the big wall and he kept rolling in off a pump bump directly in my path. I said something to this kid, along the lines of, "be alert, keep your head up." He came back with, "you're better at skateboarding than

me so you should look out for me." Huh? I didn't know what to make of it.

I know I'll sound like a grumpy old man when I say, it wasn't like that when I started skating. People are coming at you like skating is their right. "Excuse me, it's my turn to go." Where's the aggression? When the rippers used to show up I would take a step back and just observe, soak it all in. I can remember down at Brewce's in West Virginia, Trout actually grabbed me by the shoulders and pushed me six inches closer to the lip

River rock love seat that sounds like a machine gun when you grind it
Aztec, New Mexico



Aztec, New Mexico

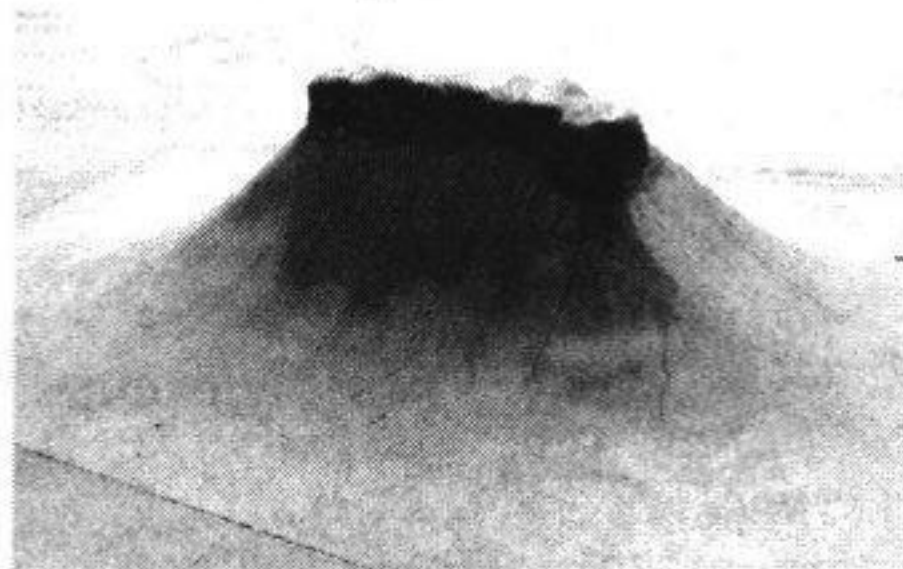


so I would be more likely to drop in and get a run. I was just standing there catching flies. I realized then that I had to be hungry to skate. I had to want it.



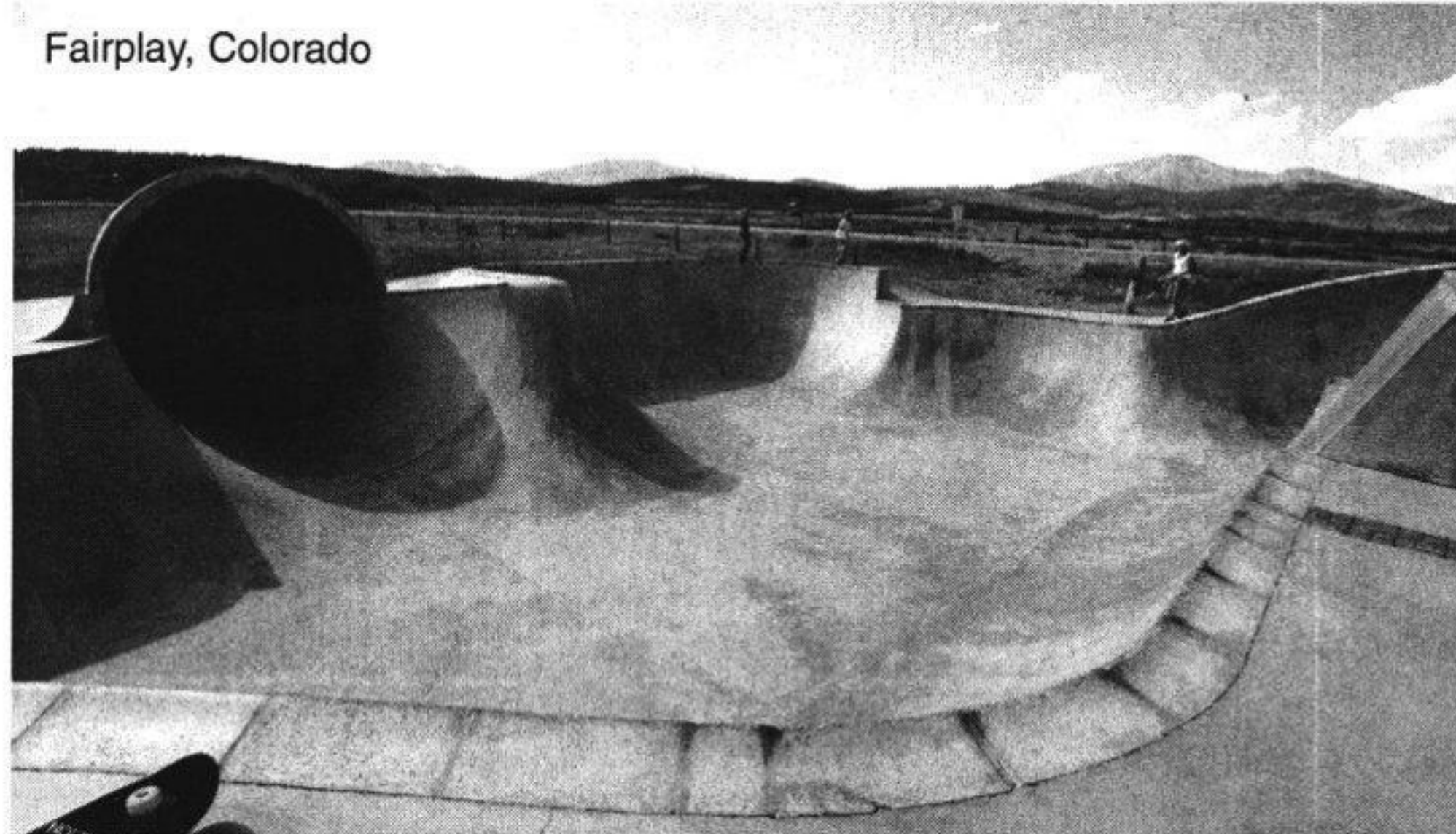
So then we're sitting around in Kokomo talking about all this stuff and Russo summed it up best like he always does. When we started skating it was something we wanted to be a part of, this underground thing where we had to earn our way in. We wanted to be accepted by the real skaters so we wouldn't think of dorking around on the flat while they were dropping in and hauling ass. Going to

the Skate Hut or ZT Maximus was intimidating. It was like this secret lair occupied by shady looking dudes who gradually became my role models and finally friends. Driving for hours to some creepy warehouse in the ghetto takes a lot more fire and desire than having your Mom drop you off or walking down the street to the local public park. Kids feel entitled to skateboarding because it's right there for them. So it goes.



There's another by-product of all this awesome skateboard terrain being built everywhere. Diffusion. When there was one spot, one ramp, one bowl for hunderds and hundreds

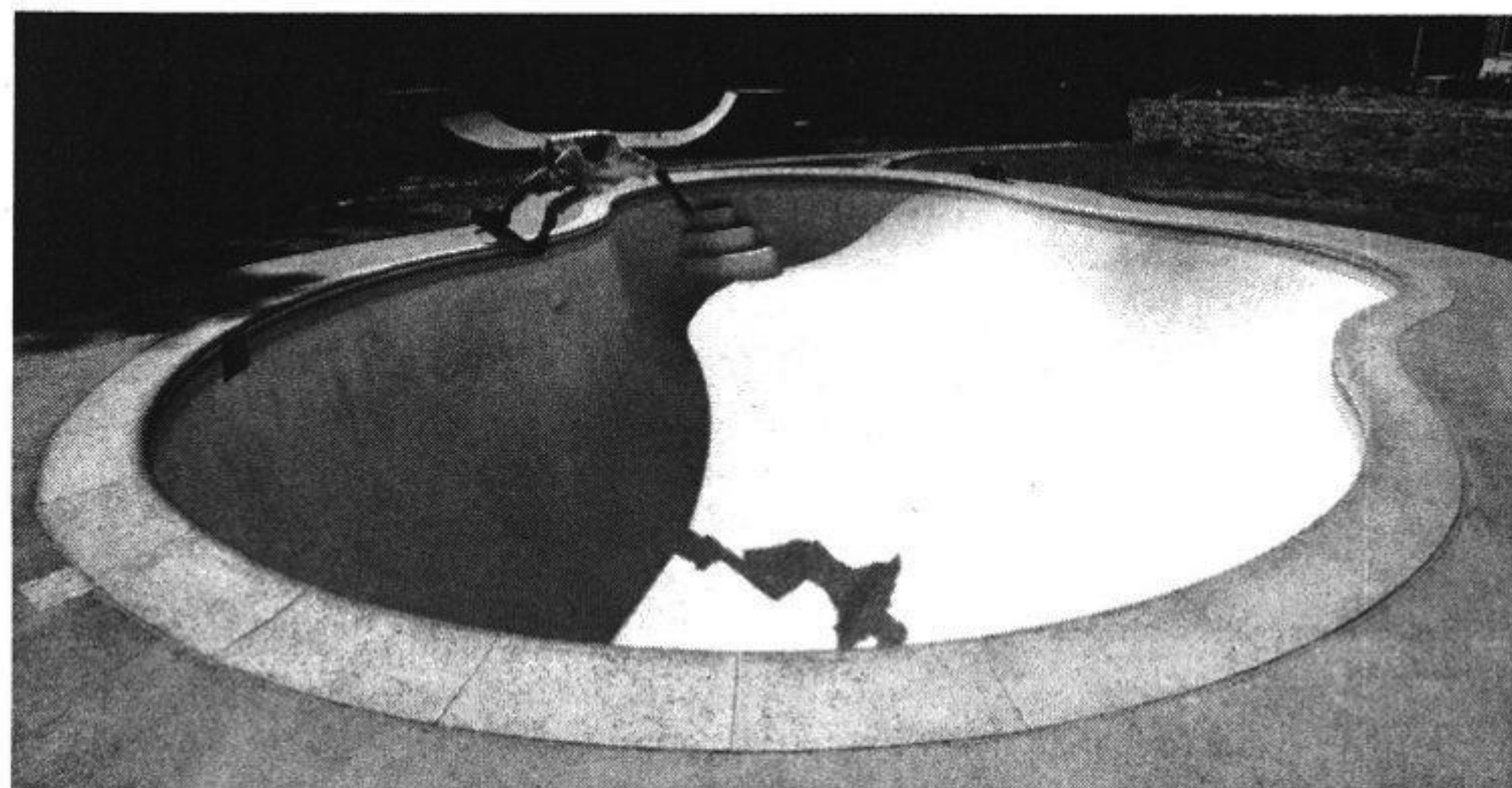
Fairplay, Colorado



you're not going to find the session; you have to make it happen

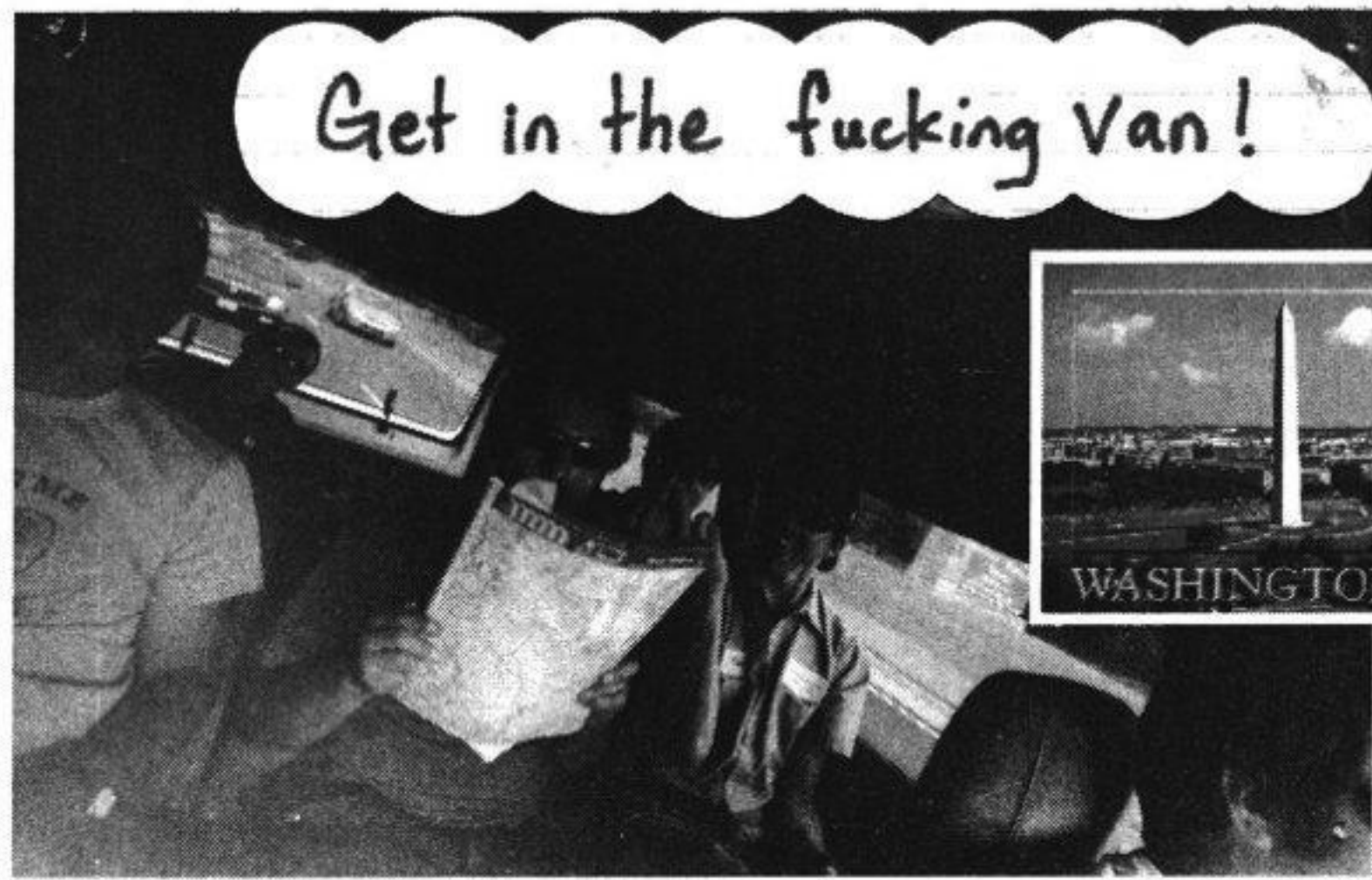
of miles around, skaters would gather at that one spot. They would concentrate on that one spot and bring energy to that spot. You could hop on a motorcycle and ride out to that spot and find a huge blazing session where you would rip and make friends and just feed off the hype.

Nowadays it's a little different. You need to make some phonecalls before you go anywhere. We're spread out all over the place so you're not as likely to stumble upon a session; you have to make it happen. There you have it. Our friends are building the stuff we've always wanted and making new creative stuff we never dreamed of. Get on the horn, round up a crew, and get some. Snake everybody. Yell. Scream. Live. Ting-a-ling.

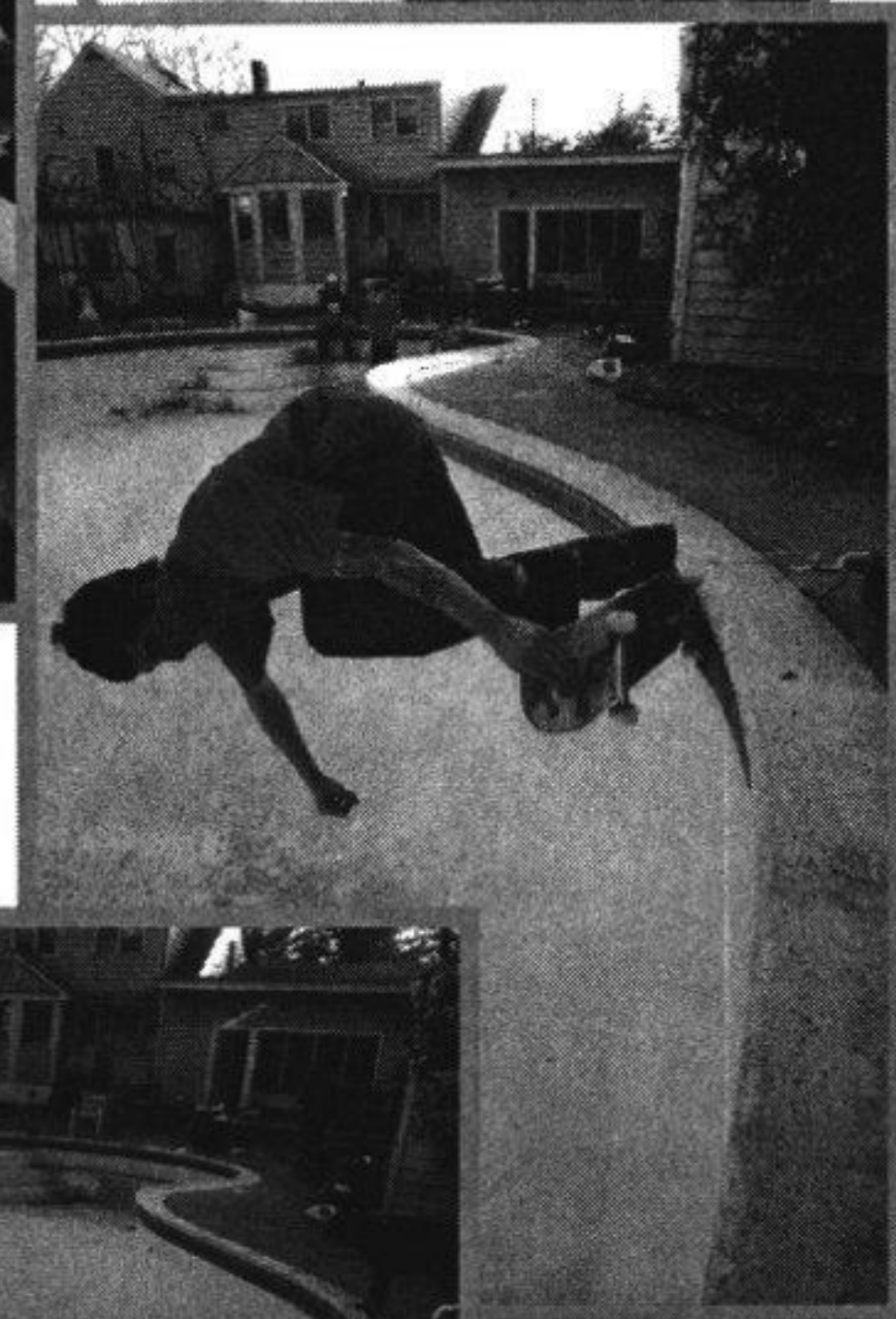
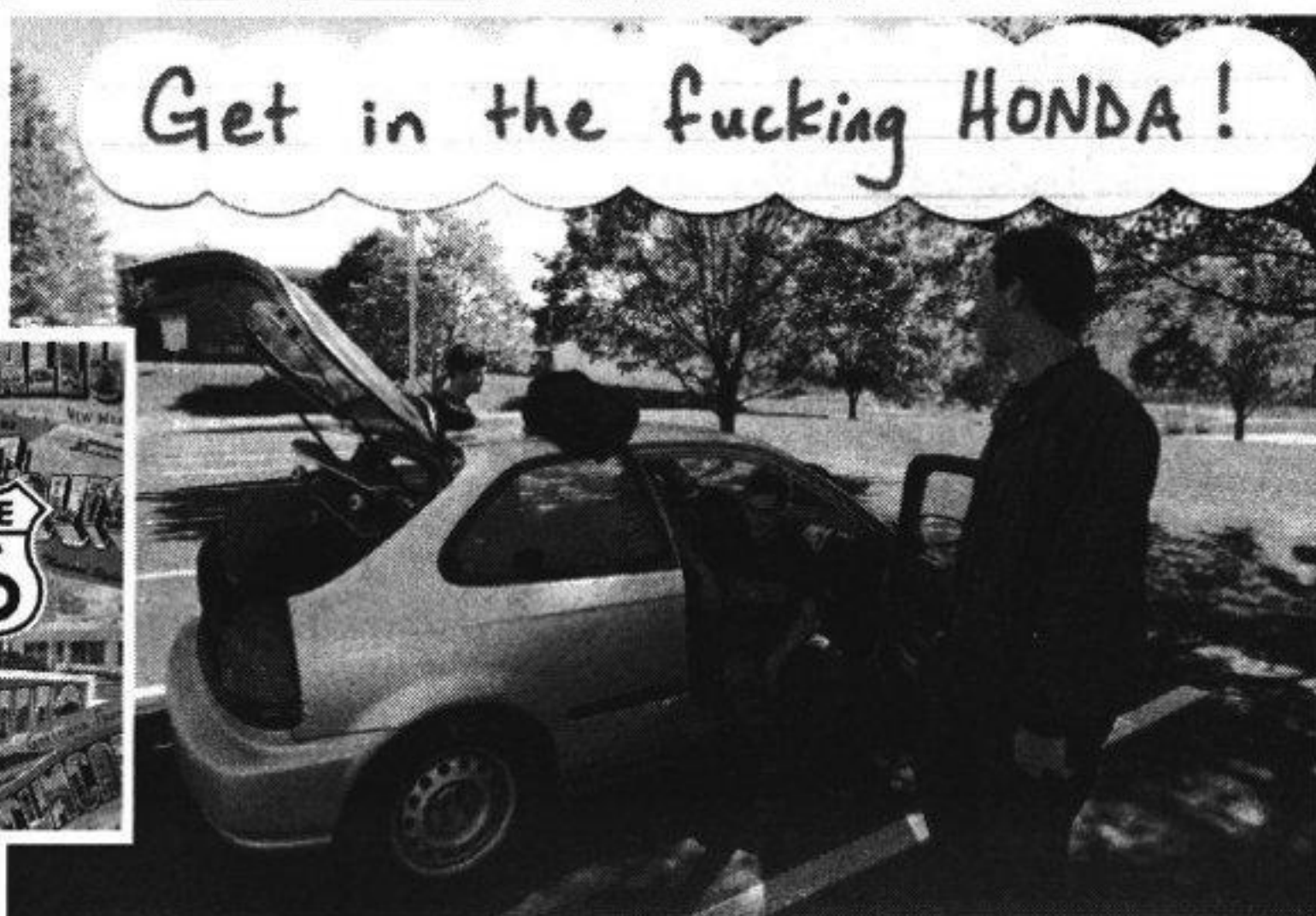


Jerry Hahn rock'n slides Dave Tuck's pool in Colorado

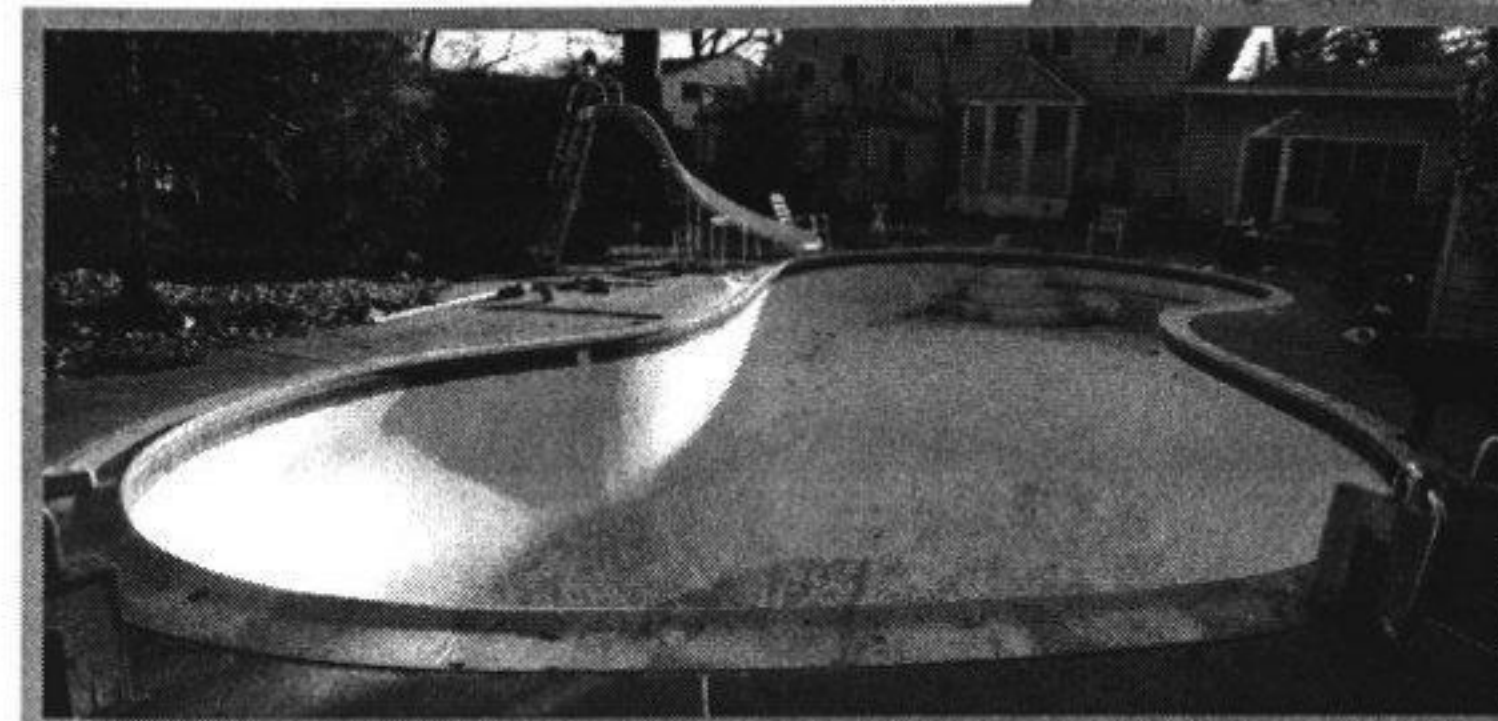
Get in the fucking Van!



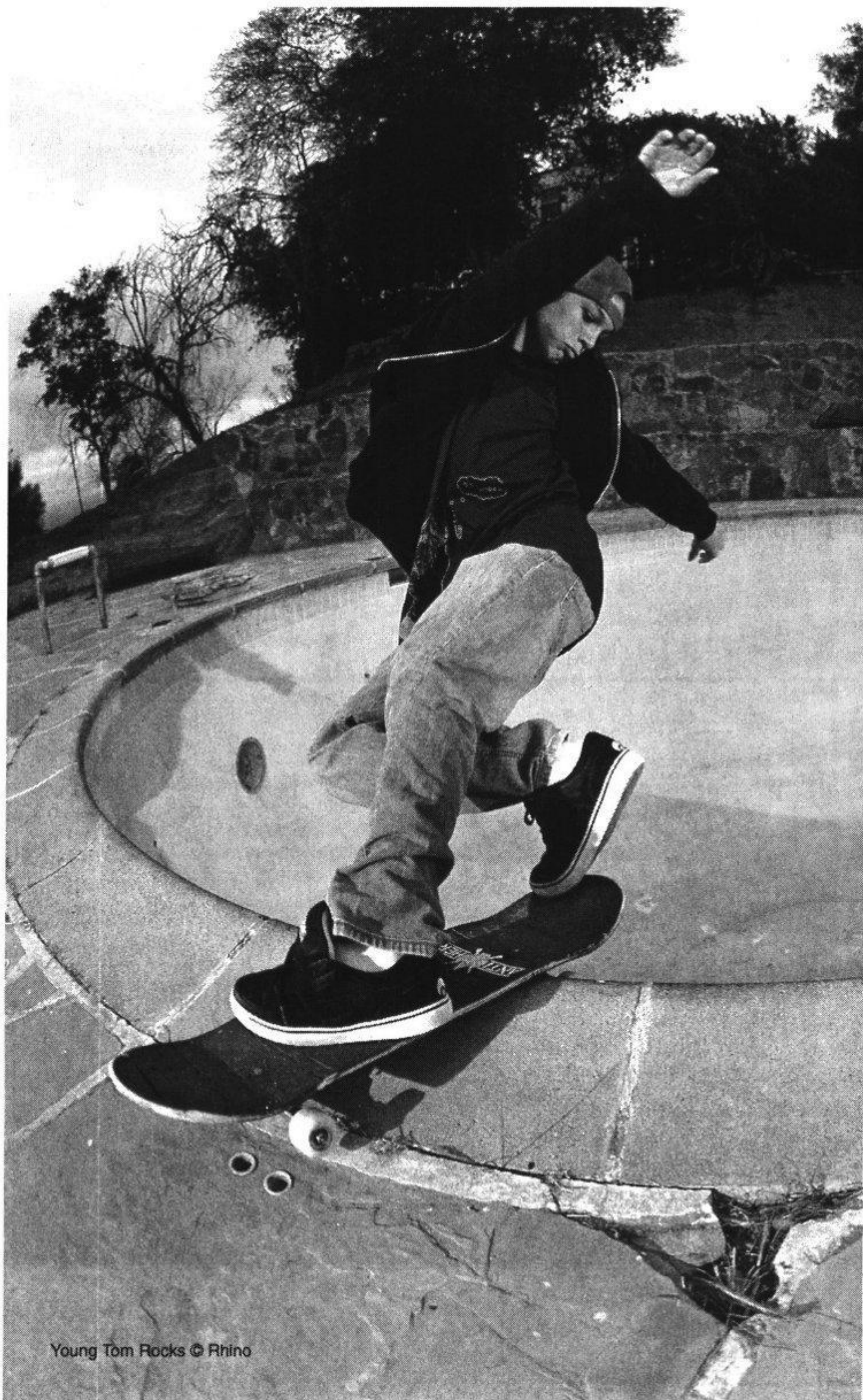
Get in the fucking HONDA!



Frat House pool over in Jersey. Fernando, Bud, and Sperm all got theirs. Photos by Bud and Peleckis.

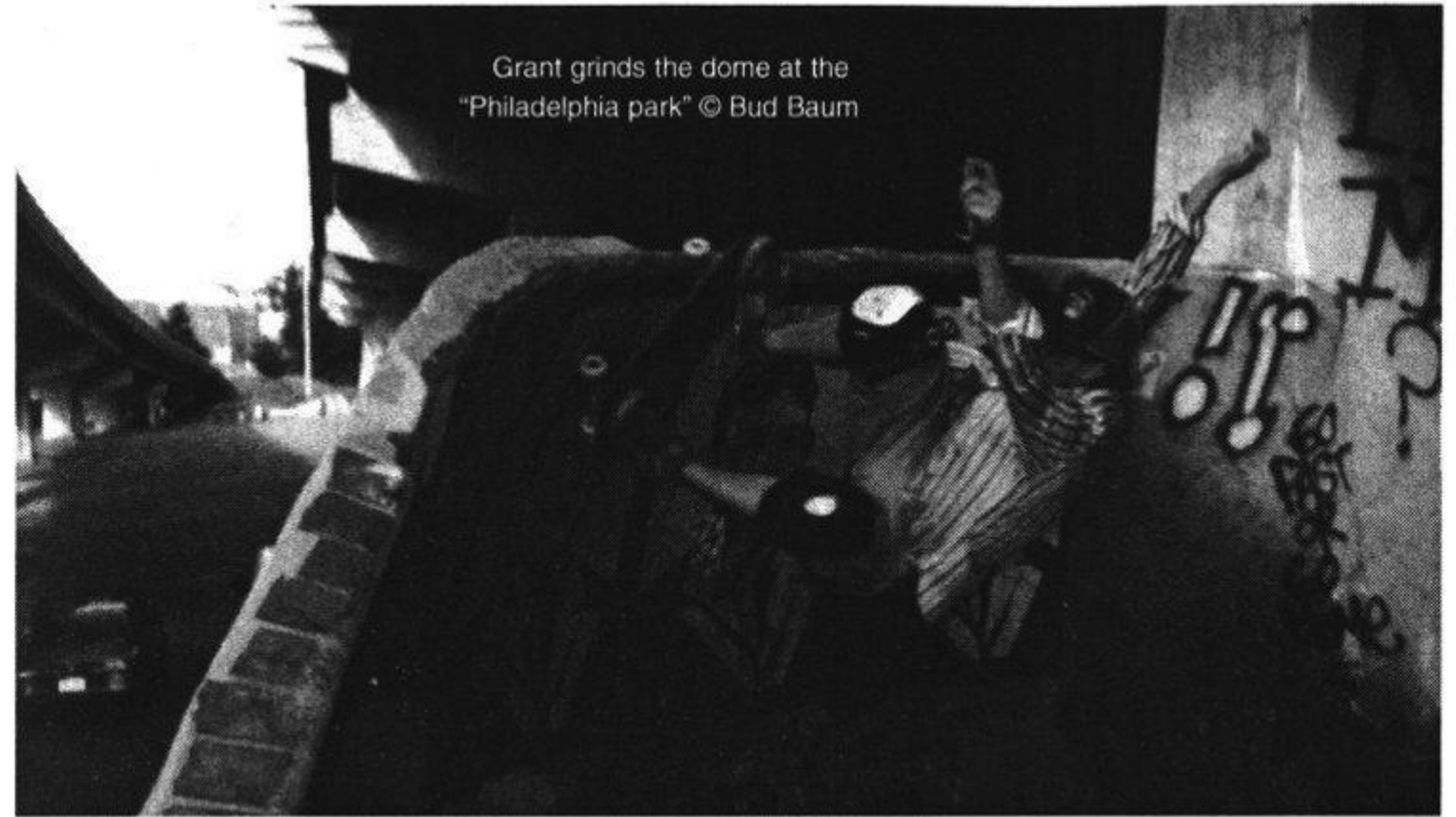


over the box ↑

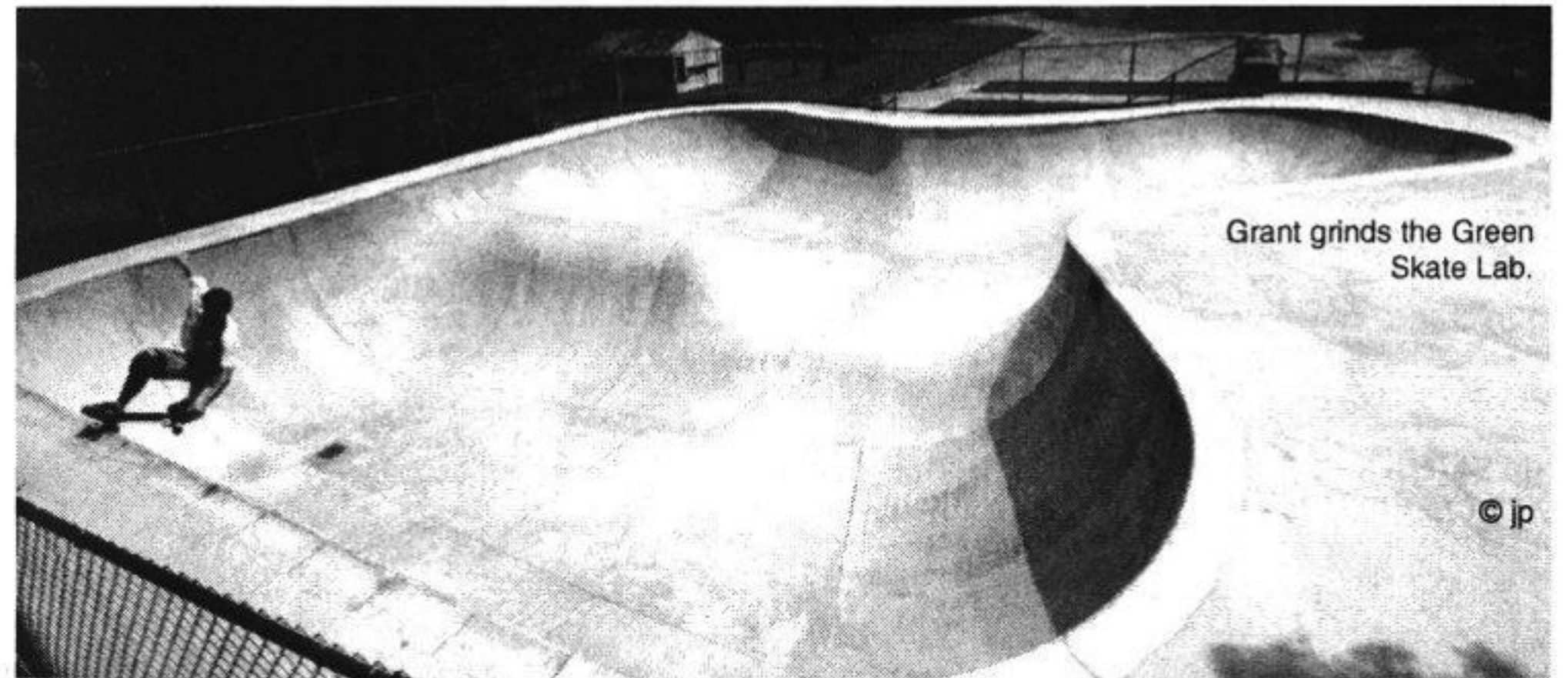


Young Tom Rocks © Rhino

Aw Joe, it's Grant. I'm just calling about God damn sweet Jesus lovin' skateboarding. God rest our souls. Let's go fuckin kick the shit tomorrow, slay some dragons, you know what I'm talkin' about? Fuck yeah. Hey! We could go to the Philadelphia park; fuckin Chad was talkin' about going to Champa's. I don't fuckin care let's just kick it . . .

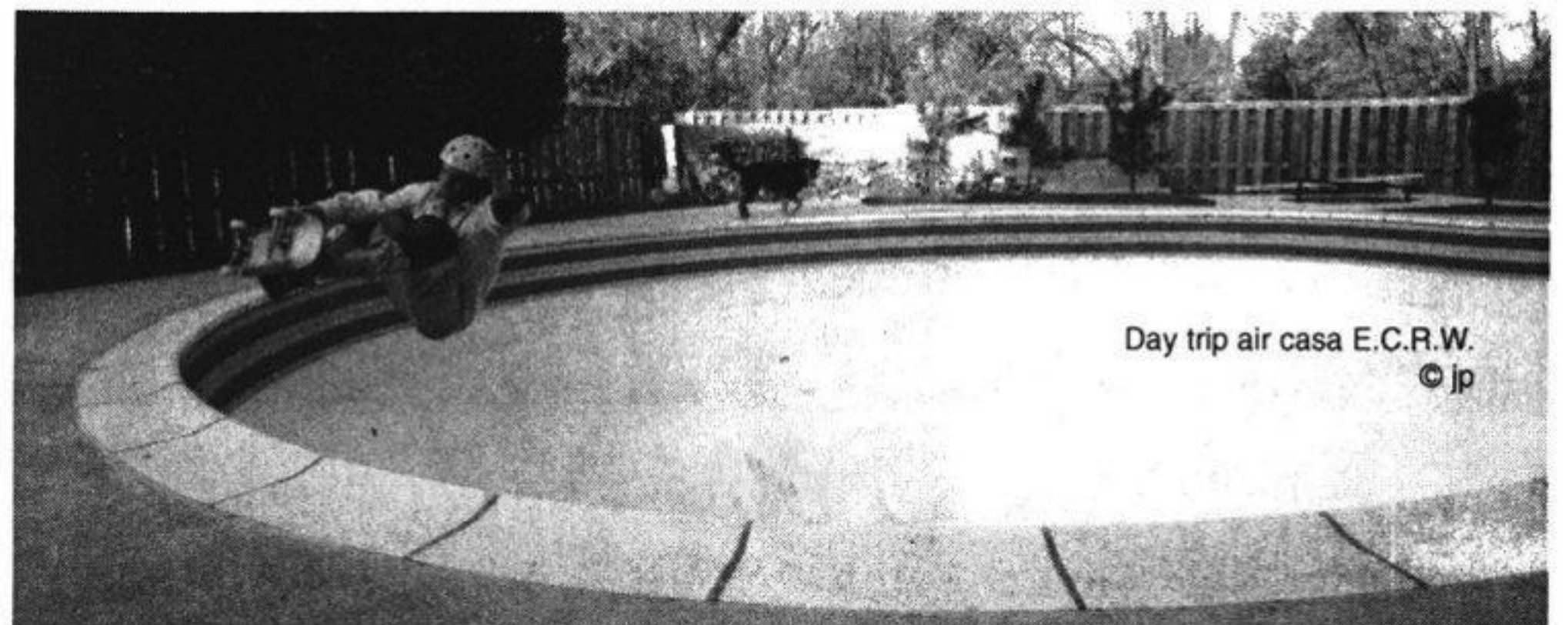


Grant grinds the dome at the "Philadelphia park" © Bud Baum



Grant grinds the Green Skate Lab.

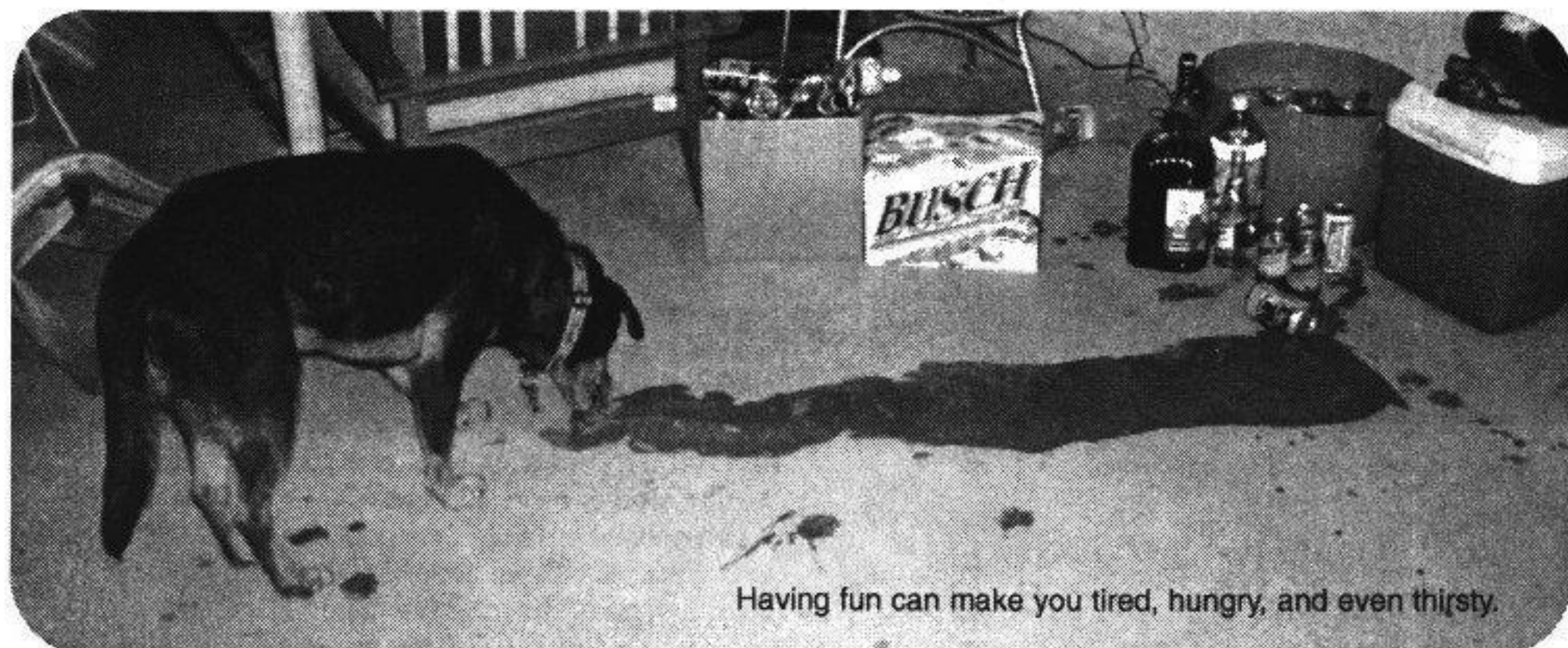
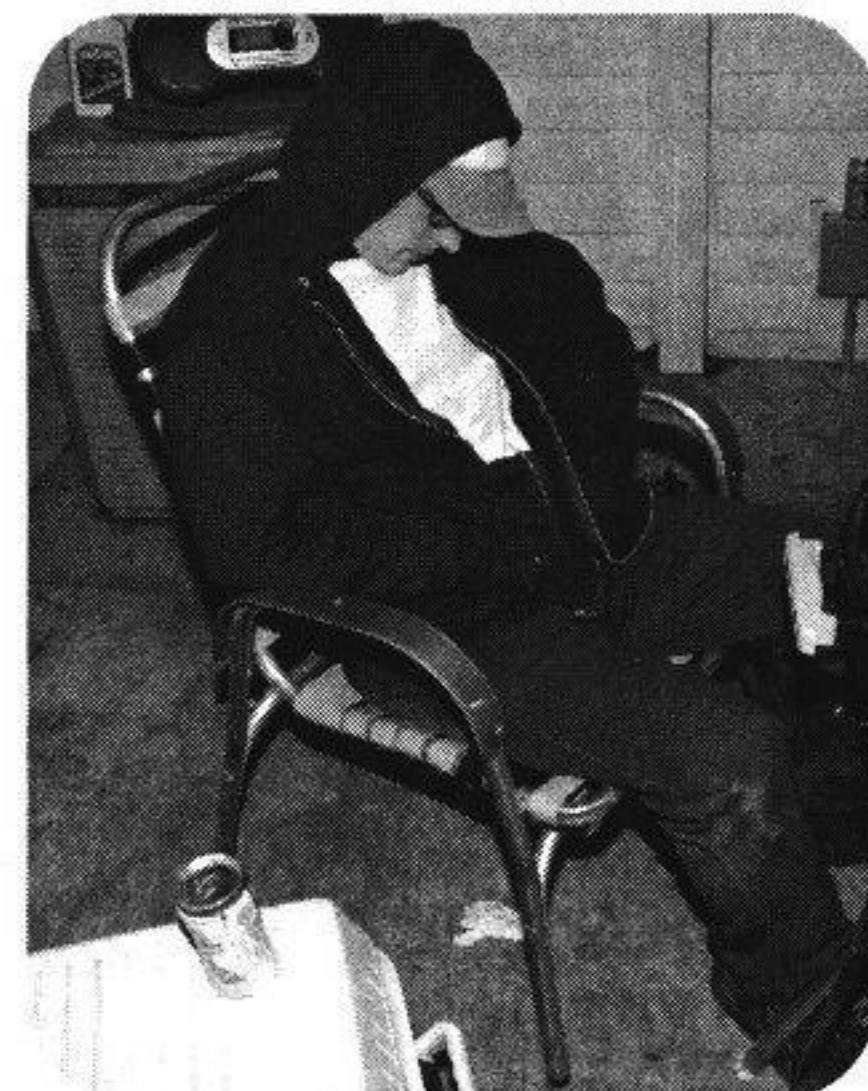
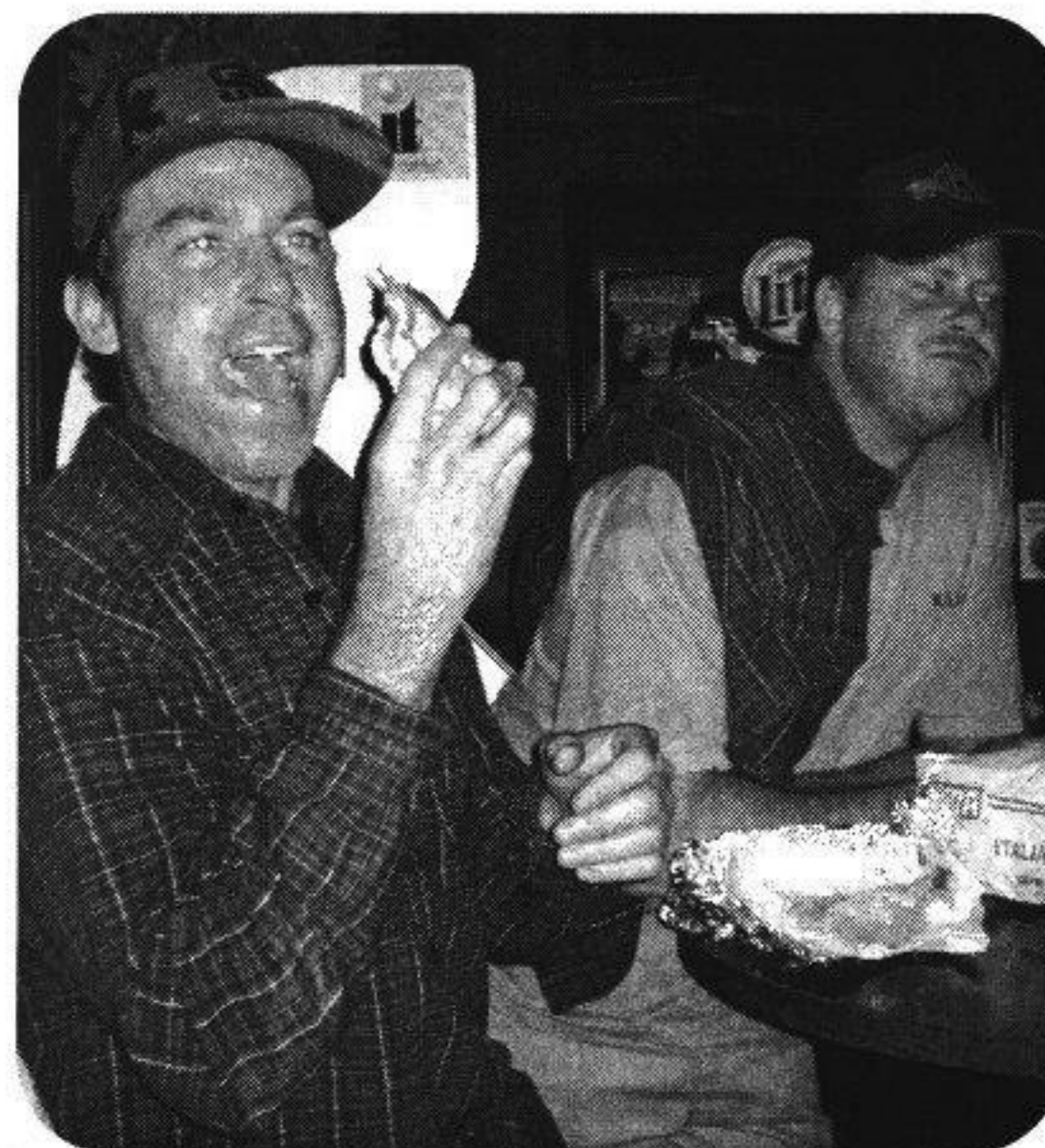
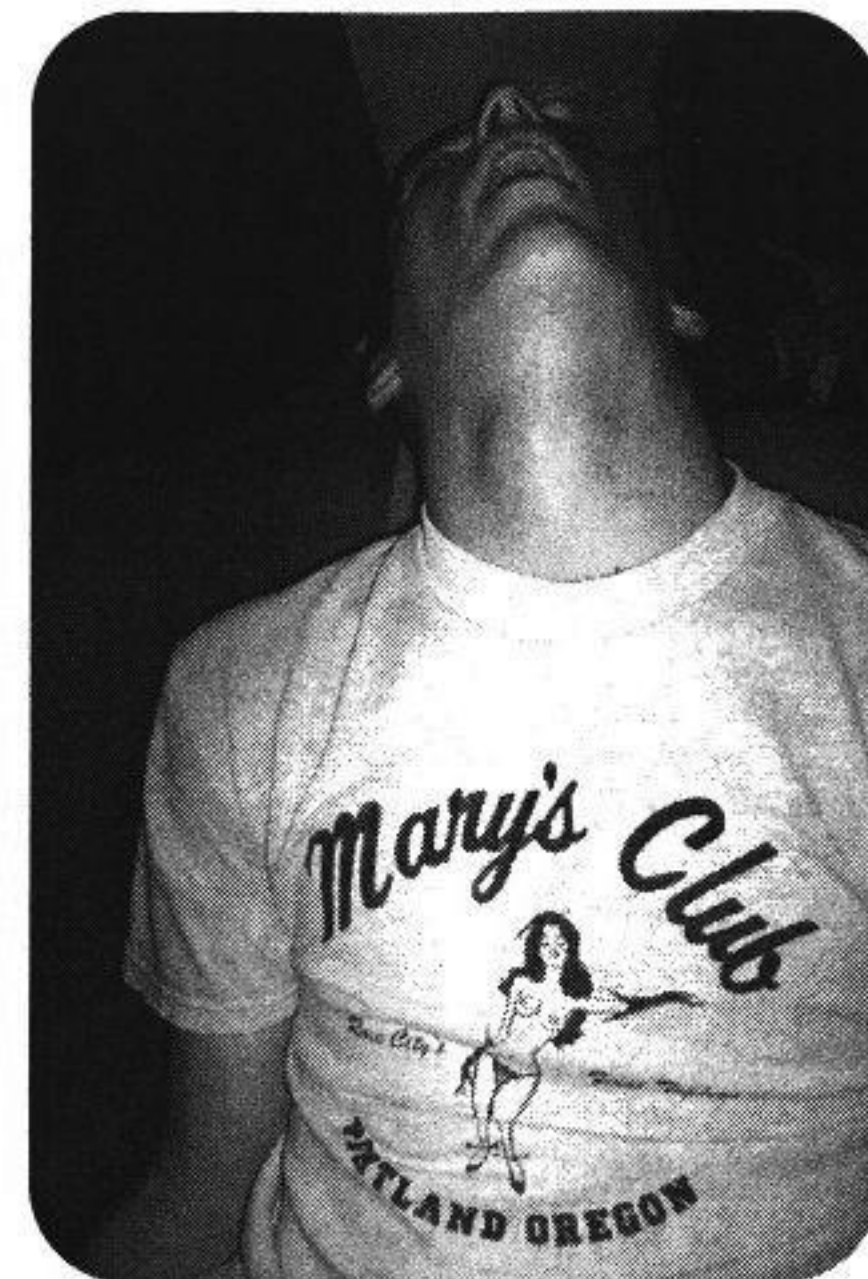
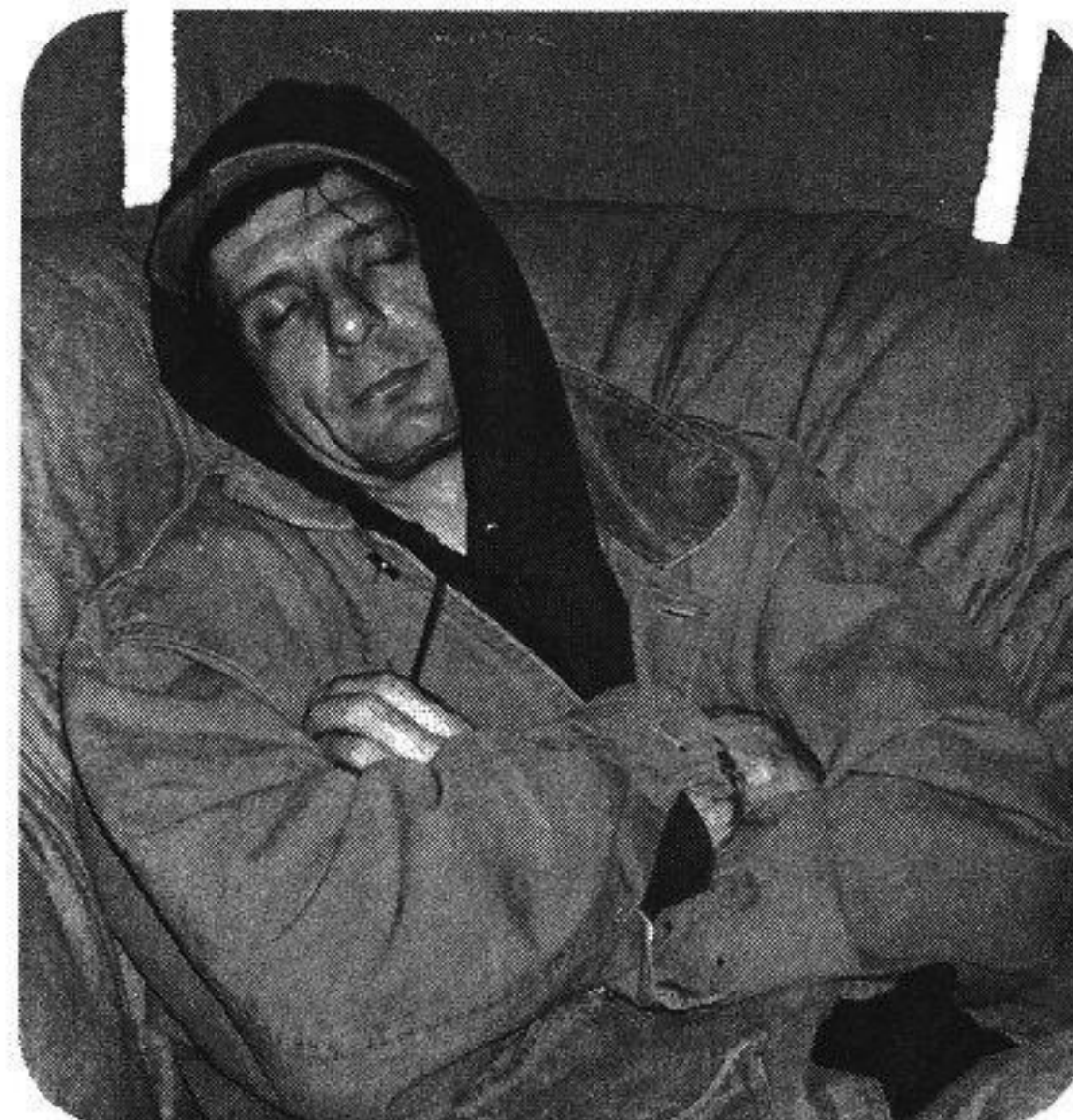
© jp



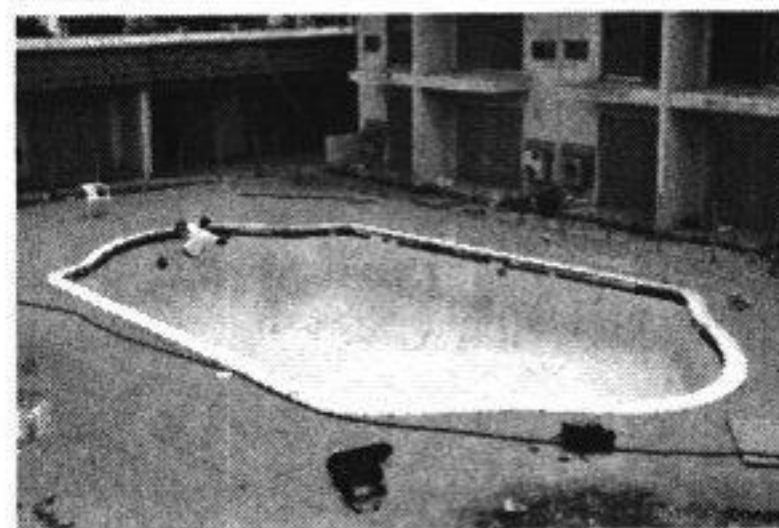
Day trip air casa E.C.R.W. © jp



There's more to Washington St. than you might think. Attention to detail, ornamentation, and surprise features make it truly amazing. Hats off to the bridge dwellers.



Having fun can make you tired, hungry, and even thirsty.



"The Chalk Pool" by Matt Gormley

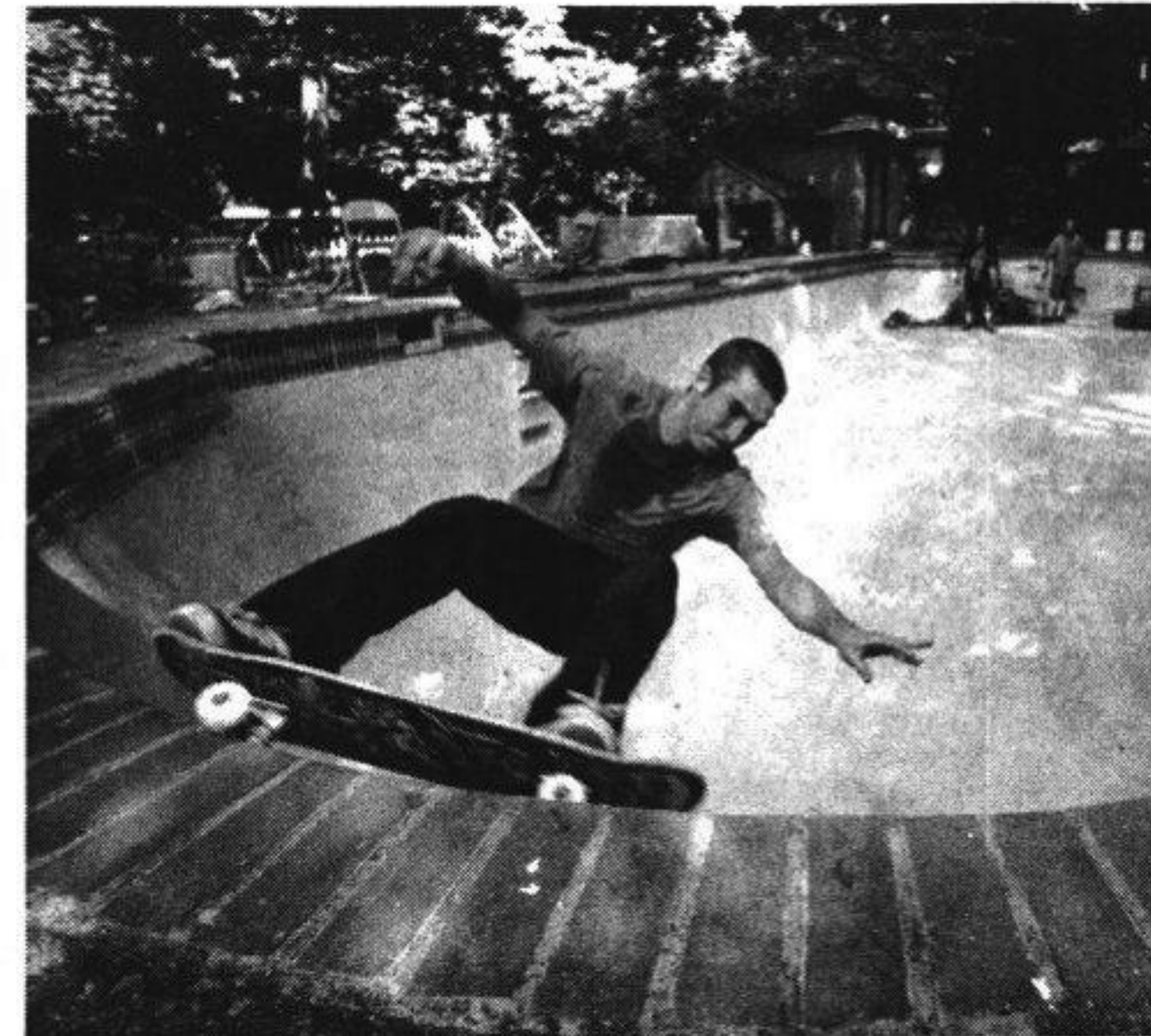
While Washington is spoiled with perfect transitions from Grindline and Dreamland, the lure of a real backyard pool is still very real. When my amigo Monty Hays called at 5pm to tell me that right handed kidney just down the street from the shop looked like a go, we jumped into action. The house had been bulldozed that day and the pool was slated to go the next morning. We grabbed buckets, sponges, shovels and towels. Even though the scumline was thick and the shallow end coping already gone, this thing looked really good. After enlisting some young bucks to yard buckets out of the slimy deep end, the remaining 2 feet of water was gone in a snap. It was now almost 7:30 and we still had some light, but went back to the shop for 300' of extension cords, two banks of painting lights and a twelve pack of PBR. While I was gone a woman pulled up to the pool and asked us to save the frog that lived there. She mentioned the creek just across the highway so Blue John found the frog and relocated it to its new creek side digs. This small deposit in the karma bank was just enough to keep us rolling. We kept using the sponge and bucket to get rid of the remaining grime. Twenty minutes later the session was on. Eric Flagstead grew up in Monroe



and had swam in this pool as a kid. He had originally mentioned this pool before, but the invalid old man living there never relented on letting us skate it. Eric even used to date the chick that lived there. He said she was lame but he secretly wanted to get into her pool. It is amazing what skateboarders will do for some tranny. Eric moved to Seattle recently and has been on a killing spree. He's a road warrior from a bygone era. He destroys the streets as well as pools and ramps, but prefers round wall above all else. He

If you don't take advantage of every opportunity to skate a pool, you're lagging.

served up the first volley of grinds, getting first a few short barkers frontside over the light. He kept finding more speed and fired out a few bs clippers on the right wall of the kidney. Each run he'd look for more speed and get higher on each wall, using the carve over the light to set up for the kinked wall. Monty seemed to forget his sloppy knee and chased Eric over the light, banging out BS grinds while chasing a FS grind. He finally got it around midnight. He looked exhausted and amped at the same time. The teeny boppers were yapping relentlessly, stoked beyond belief at their good fortune. Alex is a street dog just getting a taste for pools, and Blue Jon skates a re-released retro Caballero complete with nose, tail bone and Rat Bone wheels. Neither is too caught up in the current crop of tricks, but both love it and realized this was a special session. One pool. One crew. One session. That was all we had. Attack or regret it for all time. The pool was totally in the open, but I think the

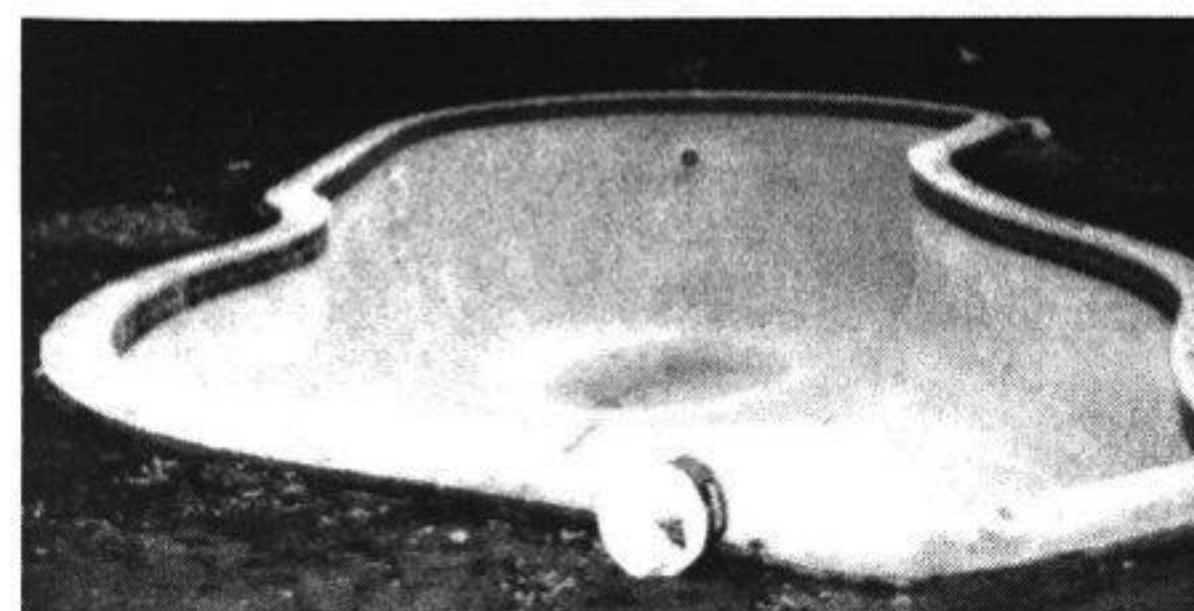


Adam Benson (aka Delaware Madam)



neon glow of the adjacent convenience store and gas station washed out the white light in the pool. A couple of boozed up painters stopped by and checked it out for a bit. They waved and said cool before heading to another bar. Around midnight we all started to fade. Each wall took a bit more energy, but each run the pool got better and better as the blue chalky walls developed more traction. We agreed a dawn patrol session was in order and we decided to meet in the morning super early. I slept like a rock and could hardly drag myself out of bed. Kurt Jensen caught word and got there super early for some morning licks. This would be the last hurrah as the excavator operator

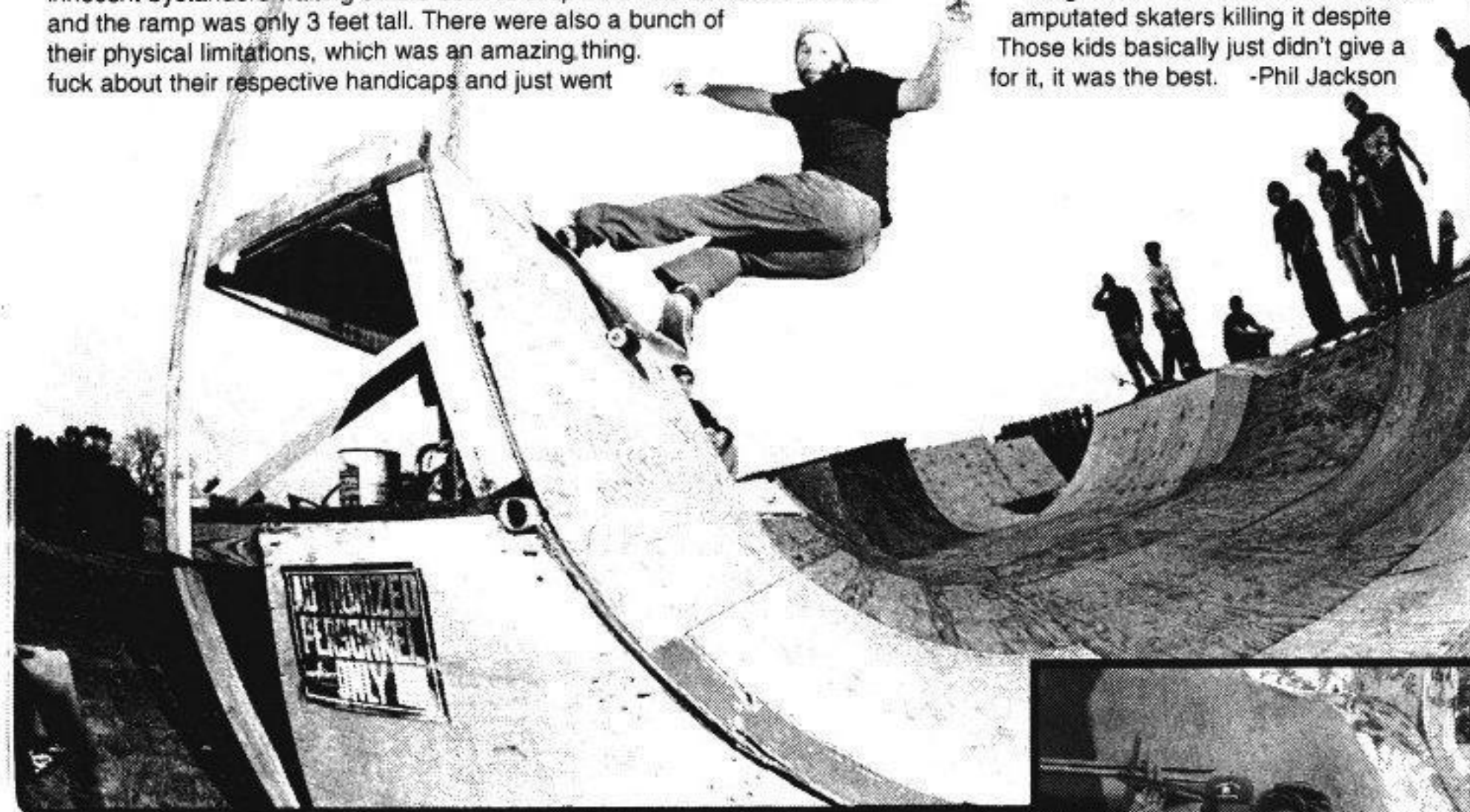
showed up and was not amused to find us on his work site. While we were courteous and friendly, I think he was having a bad day. We should have anticipated this hiccup and brought a couple of twelve packs of Tecate for him, but we didn't. We got the boot at 7:30AM and the pool fell under the blade not too long after that. I think it was Kurt who dubbed it the Chalk Bowl after holding up his hands. "This is like pool chalk," he said. While our time in this surprisingly roomy right hander was short lived, I think we'll all remember it. If you don't take advantage of every opportunity to skate a pool, you're lagging. Thanks again for the call Monty. I'll buy the next round...



Previous Page: Matt Dyck carves over some Colorado stairs and there's an overview c/o Jerry © negativeion.com Rick Charnoski sent this polaroid of a kidney a while back and Gorms included that shot of the Chalk pool with the low down on how it went down.

This Page: Delaware Adam charges. You'll never see that kid with a clean t shirt 'cause he's always killing himself. Farmer took this polaroid of a beauty that Bender turned us on to in Cherry Hill.

Back story: This photo was shot during an Amped (as in amputated) Riders benefit jam at Nelson's house. We came down the day before the jam only to find that it had rained all day and the ramp was basically a big slip-and-slide. Through an elaborate ghetto tarping system and the use of an industrial strength heater in the morning, the day was saved and the ramp was skateable, sort of. It was definitely still slippery as fuck and we probably had no business skating it, but tons of kids showed up and the session was on. Never in my life have I seen so many kids loop the fuck out and shoot their boards into the faces of innocent bystanders waiting on the deck to drop in. It was some of the most dangerous shit I have ever witnessed and the ramp was only 3 feet tall. There were also a bunch of amputated skaters killing it despite their physical limitations, which was an amazing thing. Those kids basically just didn't give a fuck about their respective handicaps and just went for it, it was the best. -Phil Jackson

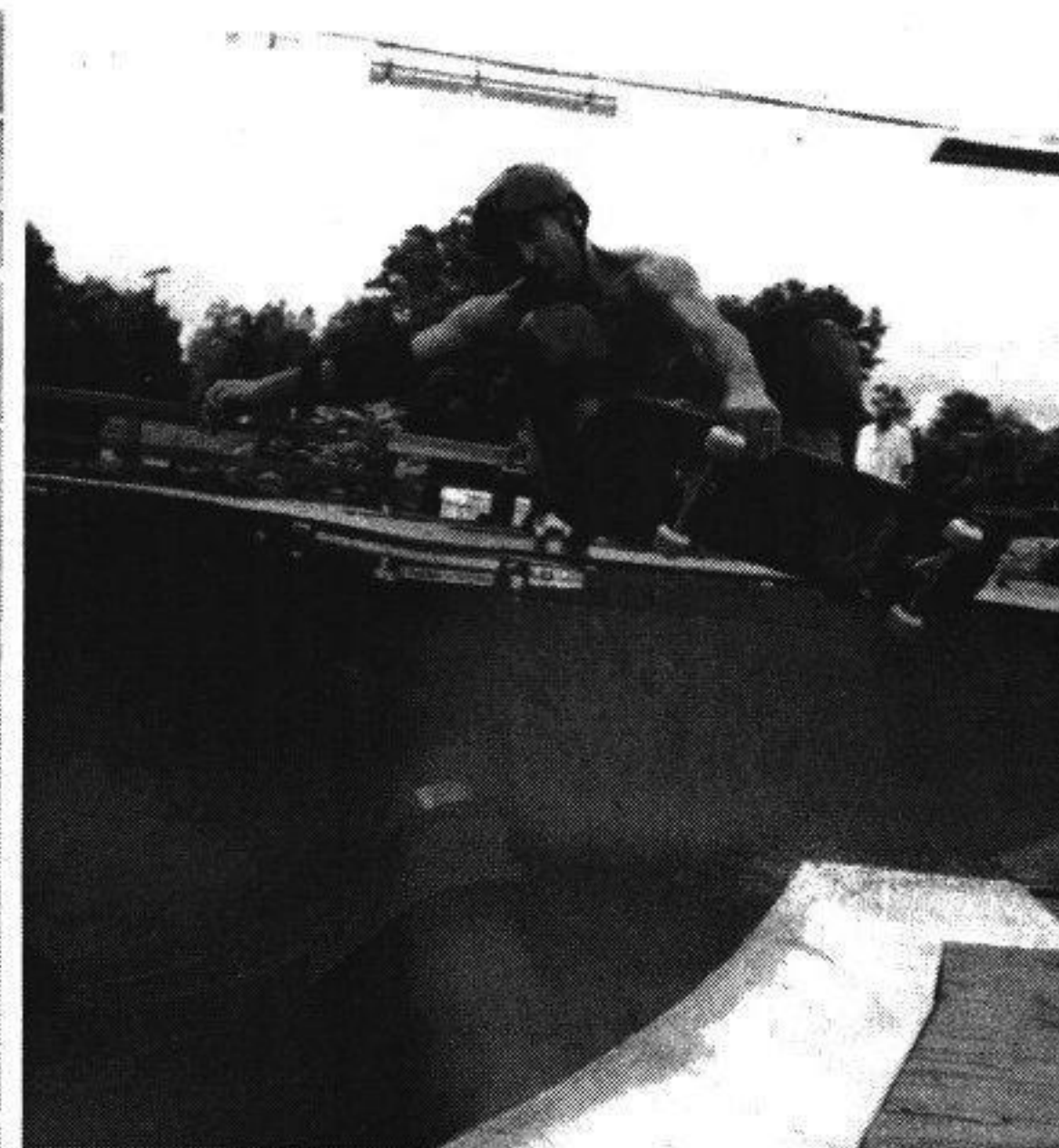


Nelson rocks a frankenramp and takes a break from his trowel magic to mug it up with Ollie. Scott Kmiec juices the juker at the park. High action photos © Phil Jackson. Posed pic © jp



Wags... by Greg Russo

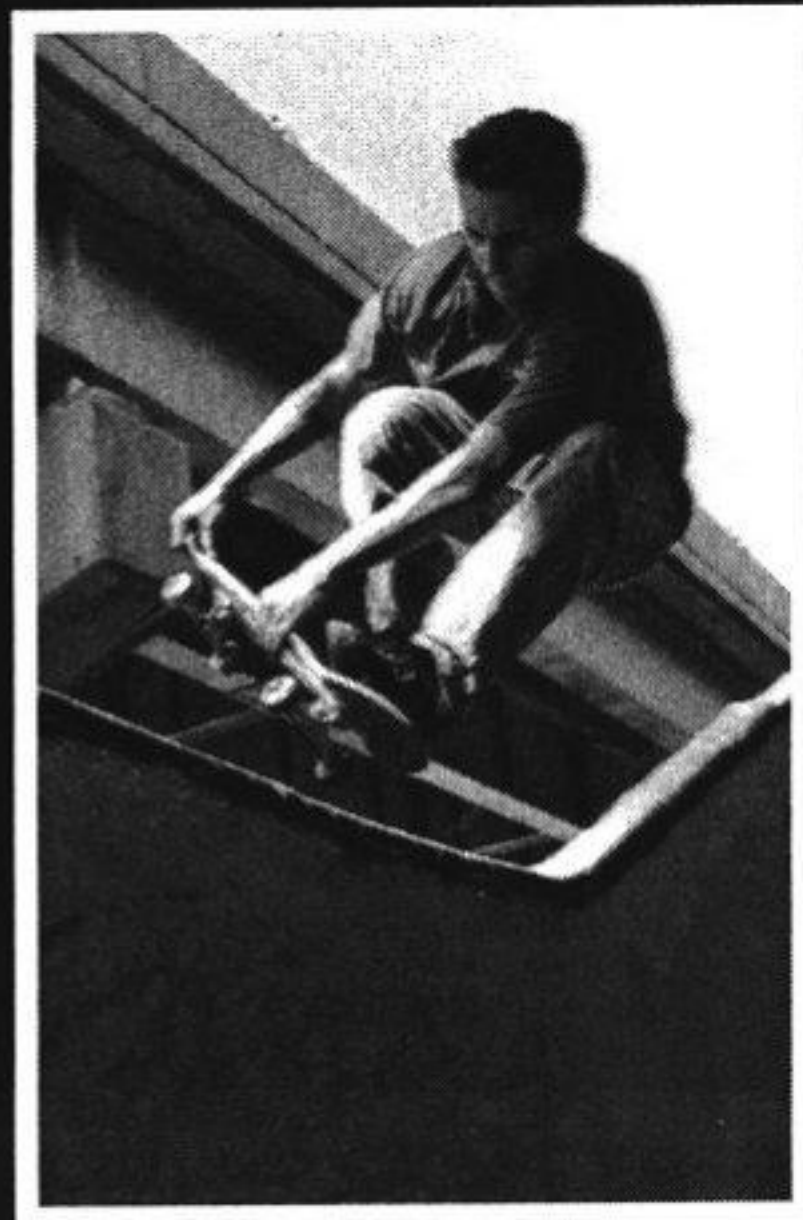
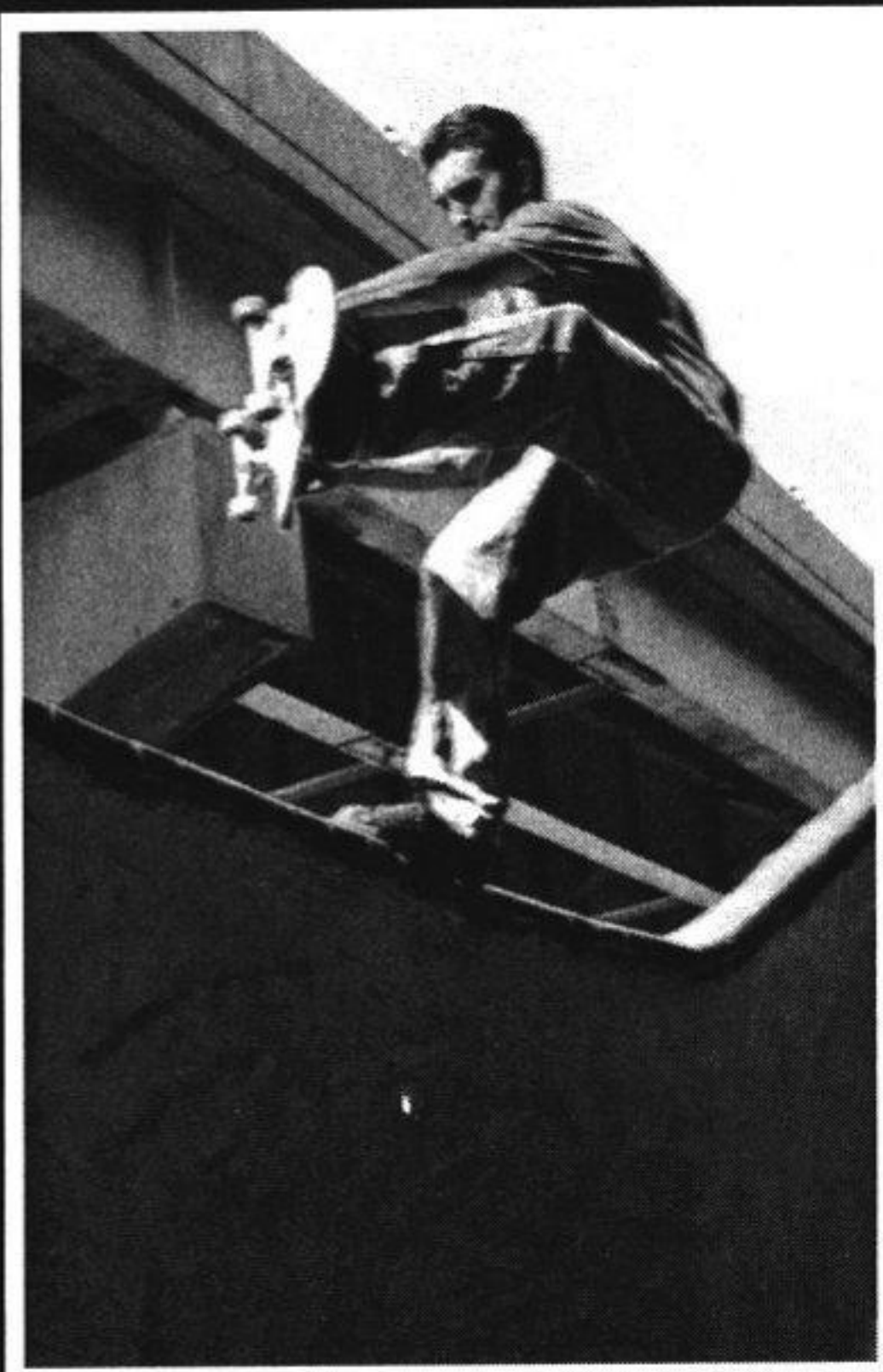
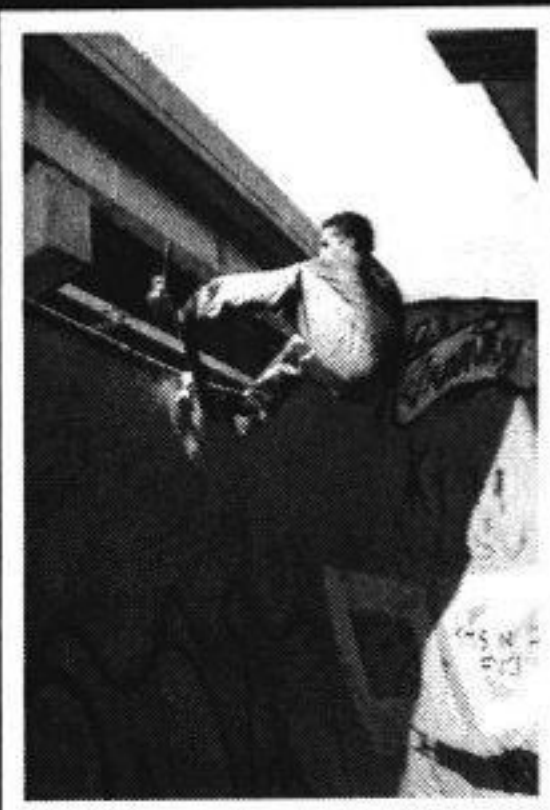
Wags was in town on tues for some high-action hammer time. Big guns. Rad times. That dude's the man. Apparently, he left his pads on his car's roof and lost it all. He shows up with nothing, borrows a set of semi-roached-out bowl pads, then kills the fuck out of it.



travels... by Adam Young

hi. im home after a long journey out west. im really tired. i had the time of my life. had a great time with old friends. met new ones. drove over 9,000 miles in my car. had really good food at nice restaraunts. had really miserable times trying to avoid food at places called restaraunts. drove through really huge cities and little bitty towns. got caught in traffic in the middle of the day and drove 100 mph in the middle of the night. waded in the pacific ocean. swam in cool streams and raging rapids. crossed the continental divide 4 times. hiked up back country logging roads. slept in the grass in oregon. the dirt in colorado, a gravel bed in new mexico and many places between. saw so many dead animals on the roadside i wanted to swear off driving forever. collected elk bones from an old strewn about skeleton. drove over mountain peaks and saw roads stretch 30 miles to the horizon and drove through valleys so thick with fog i could barely see the nose of my car. skated pools. curbs. mini ramps. stairs. vert ramps. vert bowls. ditches. banks. flatland. full pipes. and ledges. received a massage by a blind man. got mugged by an armed man. and heard a crazy story about drugs, the law, and living in other countries by a man that looked like willie nelson. even had the chance to see willie nelson in salt lake city but by that point i was too poor. but you know what i did see in salt lake city? a black flag show. well sort of. it was really excellent though.

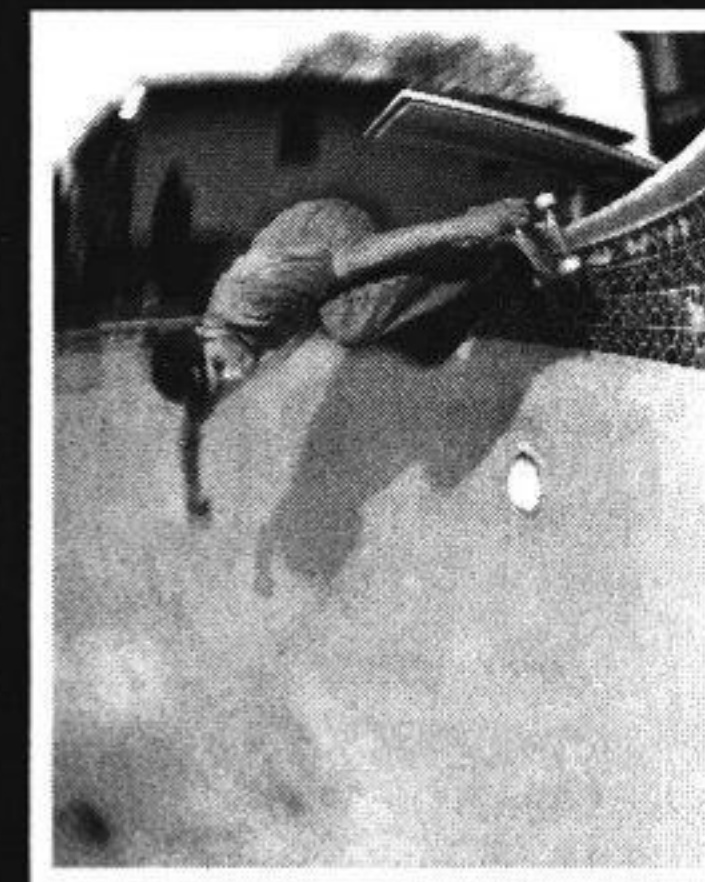




The Rocky Balboa of skateboarding? Italian Stallion? Mr. Fonzi Pastrami? Something along the lines of "I'm gay" or "I love Jesus" said to Brewce Martin years back and he's been known as the Confessor ever since. Michael Flint. Spontaneous? That might be his intention. Unpredictable? Very. Some skaters ease into the session like a campfire starting to catch. Mike's more like a match thrown into a barrel of gun powder. Ka Boom. Mike is a tornado. Tape your windows and hide your women folk. He's about to tear through your town.

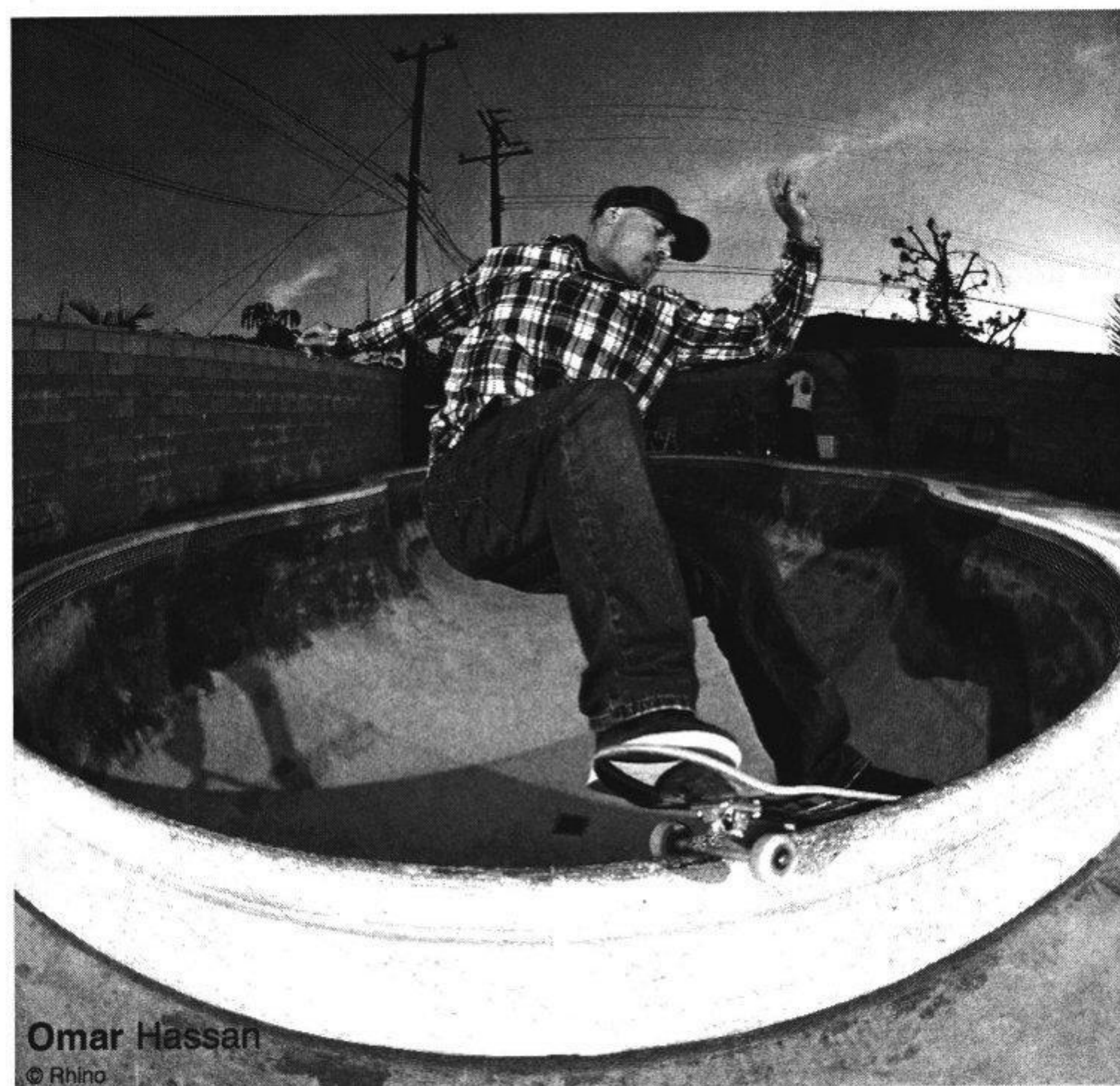
What we've got here is a Texas plant on the bunker wall under I-95. Sequence shot by "that French guy" down at the park. Confessor attacked this Roman/Cathedral shaped pool with hella vert and rejector coping like the beast that he is. Geoff Graham took these killer snapshots at the pool.

I miss you bro. And I'm glad you split. How about that?

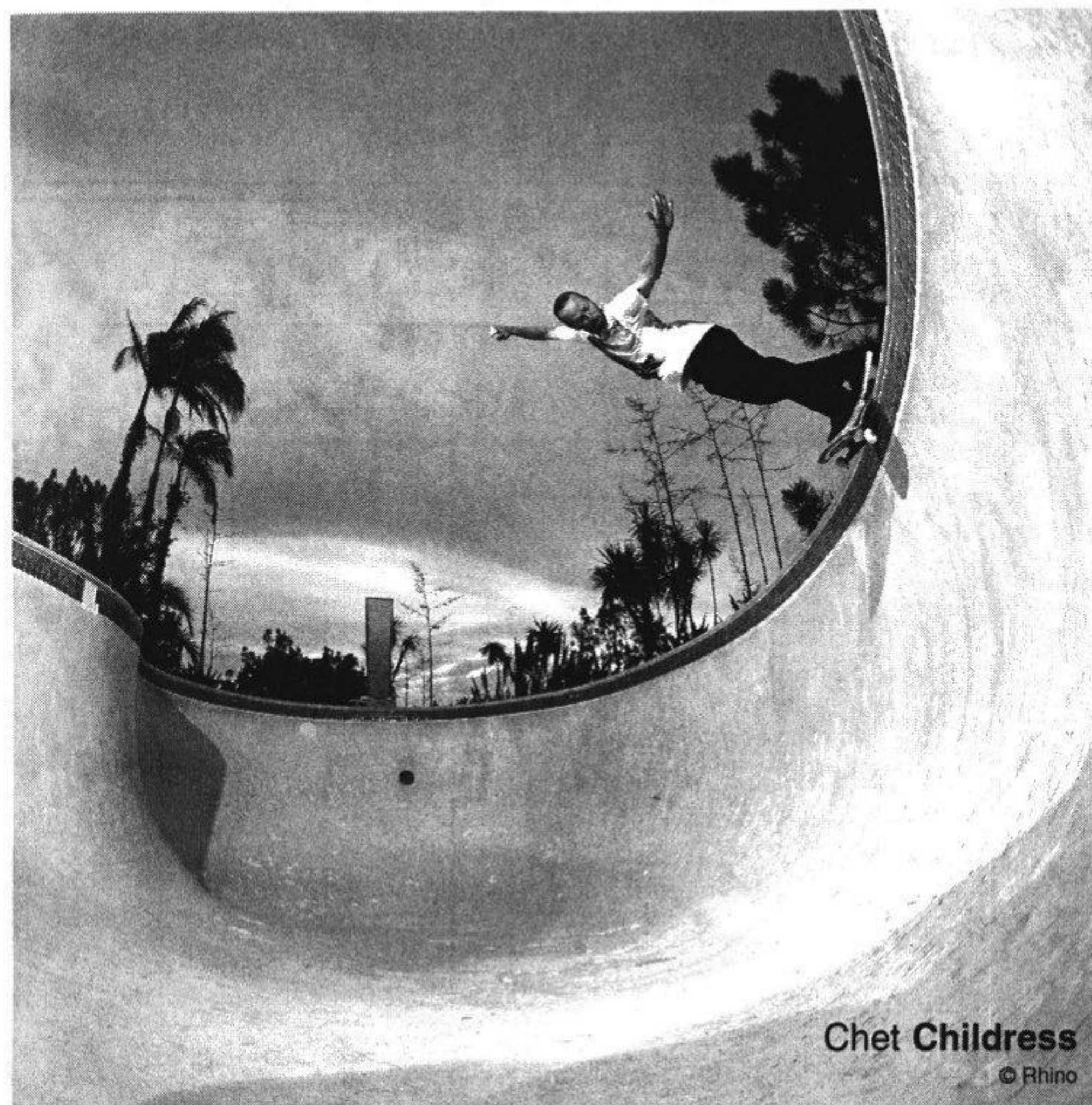
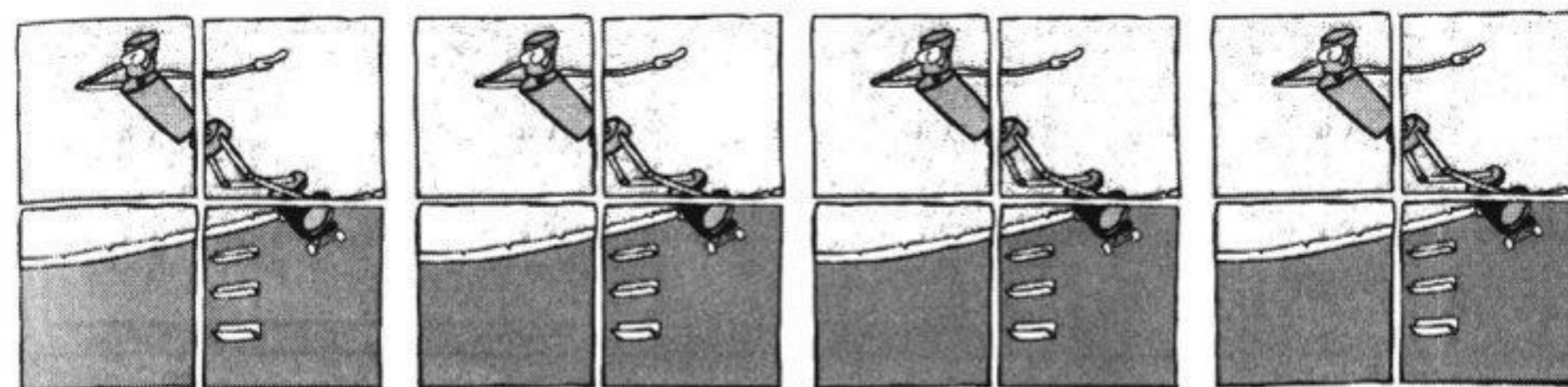




Dave Seppoe
Dave Mitchael
 Michael Michael
 © Rhino



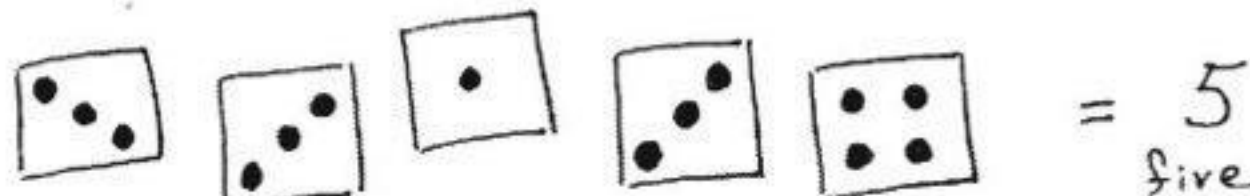
Omar Hassan
 © Rhino



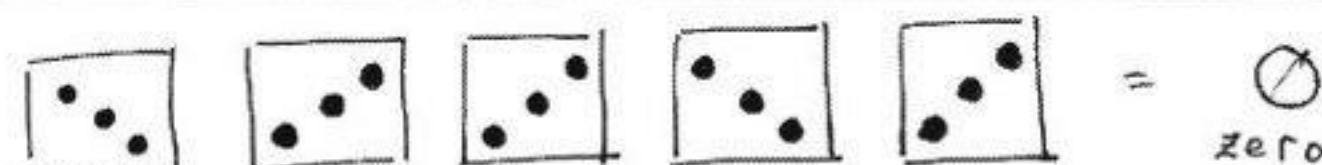
Chet Childress
 © Rhino

DICE GAMES

Threes (3's)



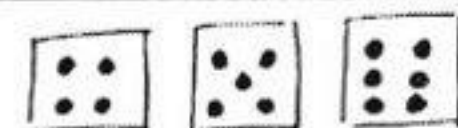
Suede's wife Lindsay taught 3's to our crew when we were down in Florida over New Year's last year. Each player has 5 rolls of 5 dice. The object is to come up with the lowest sum possible. Threes are worth zero whereas every other side has face value. Some folks play where you have to keep at least one die from each roll. I was taught where you just have to keep what's showing at the end of five rolls.



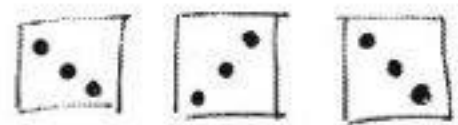
C-Low (or See Low?)

J.R. taught me C-Low at the park one Saturday. You roll three dice. Keep rolling until you get doubles, 4-5-6, or 1-2-3. If you roll 4-5-6 you instantly win, and 1-2-3 you instantly lose. If you roll doubles your score is showing on the third die, the one that's showing something different than the other two. Then each of your opponents takes a turn, the highest score wins. Triples are worth more than double anything. To beat triples you must roll triples of a higher number or 4-5-6.

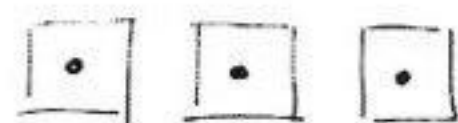
Note: The more hollering and shit talking goes on during the games, the more fun they are. Get into it. Spill some beer. Lose your voice. Try to take all your friends' money.



beats



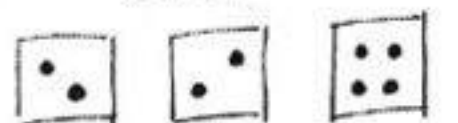
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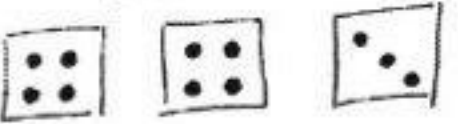
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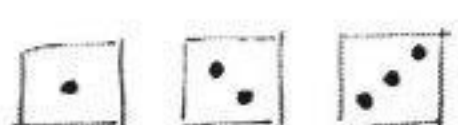
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Pretty dark, huh? Scary too. Carlos does a backside ollie tailgrab in the shadows of Interstate 95.

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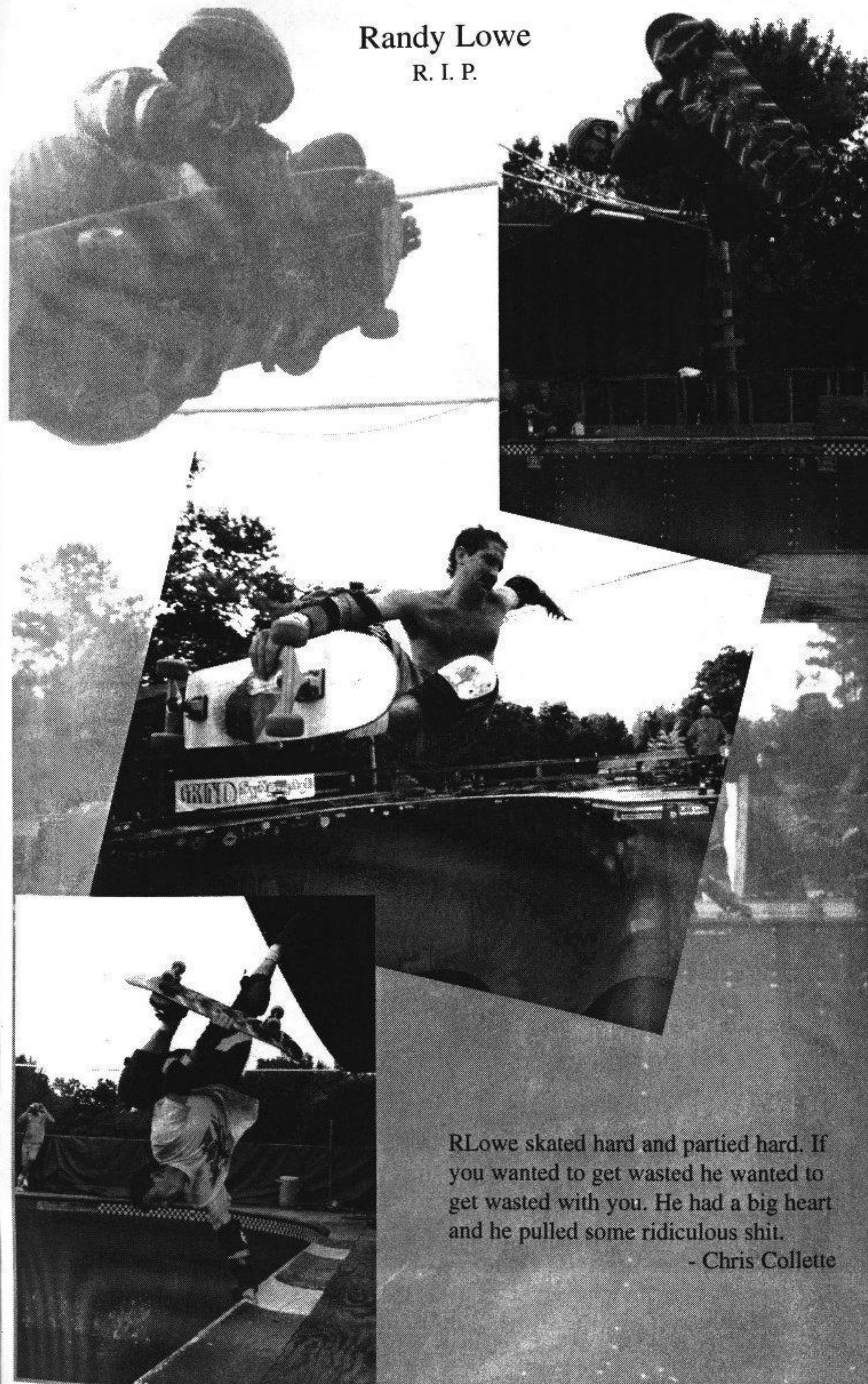
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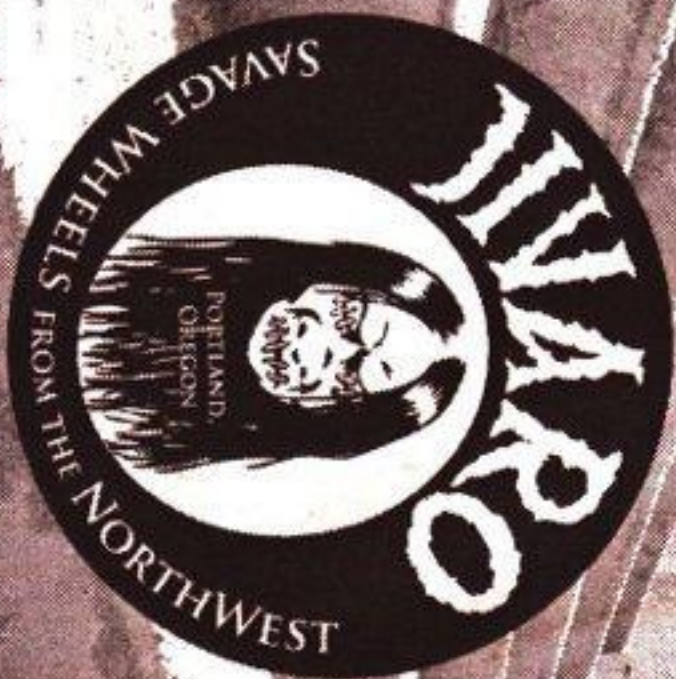
Randy Lowe
R. I. P.



RLowe skated hard and partied hard. If you wanted to get wasted he wanted to get wasted with you. He had a big heart and he pulled some ridiculous shit.

- Chris Collette

張氏

[illegible]